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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1885.

## REVIEWS.

*Memoirs of Lieutenant Joseph René Bellot, with his Journal of a Voyage in the Polar Seas in search of Sir John Franklin. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.*

A SCARCELY less touching episode in the history of arctic navigation than the loss of Sir John Franklin himself is the loss of the young and warm-hearted French Lieutenant who volunteered to search for him. Short as was his career—for he was only twenty-seven when he fell a victim to his intrepidity and valour—he has left behind in the narrative before us an imperishable record of assiduity and manly spirit, tempered with the gentlest of affections, and such as should fire the youth both of this country and of France with the like spirit of chivalry and humanity. Poor Lieutenant Bellot, an officer in the French marine, who, ere he was twenty years of age, was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, for the distinguished part he took in a skirmish at Madagascar, and while pointing a gun, on which occasion, he received a ball in the thigh, was excited, it will be remembered, with a desire to take part in the search for Sir John Franklin, and volunteered his services to the widow for a command in the little craft she was hopefully fitting out at her own private expense under Mr. Kennedy. Lady Franklin responded to his wishes, and an attachment was formed between them at once generous and sincere. "At eleven o'clock," writes the young Frenchman, on the morning of his departure from Stromness in the *Prince Albert*, "I paid my farewell visit to Lady Franklin. 'Take care of yourself,' was all she could say to me, crying. Poor woman! If you could have read my heart, you would have seen how much the somewhat egotistical desire of making an extraordinary voyage has been succeeded in me by a real ardour and genuine passion for the end we aim at. 'I must supply your mother's place,' you said, as you inquired into the details of my equipment. 'Well, then, I will be for you a son, and have the inexhaustible devotedness of a son who is in search of his father; and what human strength can do, I will do.'

Of the course of this expedition, which occupied nearly seventeen months, Lieutenant Bellot has left a journal, which shows him to have possessed an accomplished mind as well as brave spirit. How touching is the history of his daily routine and Sunday duties!

"My whole accoutrement consists of a woollen shirt over one of cotton, except after sunset, about ten o'clock, when I put on a cloak of oiled canvas to preserve myself from the damp which settles especially upon woollen stuffs. Fortunately I recollect the dew theory. All night clear enough to read, as at seven in summer at Rochefort. But for my eyes, the state of which obliges me to wear blue spectacles, I already feel myself perfectly acclimated. Up between seven and eight, I proceed to my ablutions on deck, whatever be the weather, in order not to bring damp into my cabin; I then take observations of the horary angle. At eight, when the watch is changed, we have prayers, then breakfast, which consists of coffee or tea, and some viands. After a turn on deck, I go back to work until noon, when I take the latitude. Calculating our position occupies me until dinner; about noon I eat and meat, with potatoes by way of bread. I pass the afternoon in study; at eight, evening prayer, and I begin my watch. I do not lie down

till about one, after having written up my journal and thanked God for his mercies. My last thoughts are always of those dear friends I have left behind me; and after six hours' sleep I wake, strong and hearty, thanks to this regular way of life. The several portions of my time being so well filled, it passes with astonishing rapidity; and I am greatly surprised at finding myself nearly at two months' date from my departure from Rochefort.

"28th and 29th June.—My eyes suffer more and more, and this greatly distresses me, on account of my fears for the future; but I will take many precautions; and with the help of snow spectacles, green gauze, &c., I hope to get round. The cold is beginning to make itself felt, and I am obliged to put on woollen stockings.

"As always on Sunday we have divine service, and, as usual, I read the sermon. It seems I do not pronounce ill, and especially that my accent is not too bad. The service consists in reading some psalms, a chapter of the Bible, and prayers morning and evening. On Sunday there is, in addition, the reading of a sermon, and then of fragments of numerous works which have been given to us. If the piety of our men is not very enlightened, at least it appears sincere; and even were it but a matter of habit with them, the influence of that habit upon them is excellent. I know no spectacle more suggestive of thought than the sight of those few men singing the praises of the Lord amidst the solitude of the vast ocean; I think of the convents of the East lying like a point amidst the desert. What in fact is our life on board, with its regularity, but the convent minus inactivity, and minus the selfishness of the man who seeks in prayer only his own salvation?

"O yes! the exercise of prayer is salutary; it is, above all, useful and indispensable to one who is animated by true piety. I used to think myself religious when I contented myself with recognising the existence of a God. I now understand how much this exercise of prayer facilitates for us the accomplishment of duties, which without it we are disposed to pass over very lightly."

In a subsequent part of his journal, Lieutenant Bellot writes—"Although not in accordance with the ideas in which I have been brought up, I now consider it a duty to set the crew the example of observing Sunday as a day of rest, since their religion orders them to do so; moreover, I see nothing in it but what is perfectly natural, and I have determined specially to devote that day to religious studies."

The launching of an iceberg is described with much spirit:—

"The thermometer is at 55°; we remain motionless on a sea of oil. It is not one of those ocean calms in which there is always a swell that makes the ship roll, and the sails hang heavily down the masts. Everything seems asleep, and the hands are below, because there is nothing to do on deck. But, thanks to those cheering rays that gild the polished surfaces of the icebergs, nature is not dead; life is felt under this complete immobility; it is the image of repose, and not of death. From time to time a dull detonation announces the result of a decomposition effected, no doubt, by the heat. A rolling noise is heard, like the thunder peals in our autumnal tempests, and we see the head of an iceberg separate from the trunk, and fall crashing into the sea, throwing up clouds of spray to a great height. The monster oscillates several times, as if to recover itself upon its base, or perhaps in sign of salutation to the other icebergs; for who can interpret the mysterious language of Nature? A long swell goes to announce, at a distance of several miles, its entry into the world; a few minutes more, and that which but now was a dependent portion of a larger block, is become itself a member of that family of giants.

"I have more than once seen the launch of a vessel—that admirable result of man's efforts; I have felt my heart sink at the moment when, the

signal being given, it was advancing slowly, making its oaken cradle crack beneath it; and I have clapped my hands on seeing that enormous mass afloat, the setting in motion of which I regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of the results of mechanism; but what is that compared with the scene of this day? O men, how little you are in the world! How slight and mean are your *chef-d'œuvre*, compared with the works of that great master who is called Nature! What are your pyramids two hundred feet high, your dome of St. Peter's, your Kremlin! Here are mountains eight hundred feet out of the water, and with bases two thousand feet deep; here are cupolas and domes at a height of four hundred feet! It is impossible to avoid shuddering at the thought, how easily such a mass would pulverise a boat or a ship which might chance to be near them. We were a mile and a half from the one that fell, and the swell from it rocked us for several minutes. It was not broken by the agitation of waves, which rendered its transmission so much the easier. (This makes me think that the undulatory theory explains the phenomena of sound and light much better than the emissive theory.) Beechy relates that, in the course of his voyage to Spitzbergen, an iceberg having fallen, the *Dorothea*, which had been laid on her beam-ends four miles off, was lifted up again, and the long-boat was capsized. Mr. Hepburn confirms the fact to me."

Whale-catching has been often described, but there is yet room for an account of the stirring scene by Lieutenant Bellot:—

"Wherever there is an opening the *Prince Albert* slips into it, and her small size gives her, in that special navigation, a facility of locomotion not possessed by a vessel of larger dimensions. Besides, did not the Baffins, the Hudsons, and the Davises make their discoveries in still smaller craft! Who would think of complaining amidst the relative comforts which we enjoy! Most of these vessels carry a crew of fifty men and a surgeon. The surgeons are for the most part young men, who have at most gone through some medical training, and are still too young to think of establishing a practice. Many of them boarded us, and they almost all speak with enthusiasm of the exciting incidents of this new life. The whalers always sail in pairs in the ice regions in case of accident. One of the men on the look out at the mast-head signals a whale. Quick, quick, man the boat! and the swift skiffs, always ready at the ship's sides, are lowered into the sea, their harpoons and lines being all carefully prepared beforehand. Stout rowers, let not your vigorous arms relax, for the victory is his who has first struck his harpoon into the whale; and the boat, like an intelligent courser, seems animated with the common ardour, it cleaves the wave, and leaves behind it a long furrow of foam. The master, on whom the whole business depends, armed with a long sweep, guides it with intelligence. Standing at the bow is the harpooner, watching the moment when the animal presents any part of his body to him. The harpoon is flung: a broad reddish sheet covers the surface of the water. Hurrah! well struck! But attention now, and let us not sleep on our laurels; for hitherto there has been no conflict but only attack. The harmless wounded creature plunges down the abyss, and urged by pain, pursues with frightful speed his frantic way to regions where he thinks to avoid his enemy. From time to time he rises to the surface to breathe, and spouts out floods of foam and blood; fresh harpoons compel him to dive again and renew the race. With each wound a fresh enemy is fastened to his flanks; and it is not unusual to see a whale thus dragging three, four, or five boats, for which that moment is full of danger; for such is the rapidity with which they fly over the surface of the sea, that the harpoon lines often take fire, and it is necessary to pour water on them continually. At last, exhausted by its efforts, the animal dies, and is towed alongside the ship. On some ships the harpoon is shot from a gun: there are some even so constructed as to kill the animal immediately by means of a few drops of prussic acid, a contrivance which renders the

strife thenceforth ignoble. The poor whale, tracked and hunted in every direction, revenges himself by emigrating; and since the beginning of the fishery, the number has greatly diminished; they move towards the more temperate regions. Like the noble bull harassed by the incessant attacks of the picador, the whale sometimes rushes blindly on its enemies, and with a single stroke of its tail makes the boats fly in pieces, or baffles their rancorous cupidity by snapping the line with a desperate effort, and going and dying in some unknown corner, but at least without falling into the hands of its enemies. Poor animal! is not this the fight between the lion and the gnat? Ignominiously cut to pieces, it fills several tons; the whalebones are taken out of the mouth under clouds of mollymokes and roches, that are not scared by the presence of the sailors."

Lieutenant Bellot seems to have been carried into many dangers by the ardour which ultimately cost him his life. His escape on the following occasion was a narrow one:—

"12th October.—At last, by dint of incessant urging and driving, I have succeeded in getting all ready for to-morrow: all our mocassins are not made, but we can finish them at Port Leopold. The sledge is packed, and to-morrow, at four o'clock, I think we shall be able to start. A night-tent, in default of a snow-house, a small quantity of charcoal for firing, and a much larger quantity of spirits of wine than on the previous occasion, are the chief of what we take for our encampment. At Elwin Bay I shall leave provisions for nine persons and the four dogs during a two days' march, and take with me a change of clothes and some shoes for our friends. If the ice is good, I shall endeavour to encamp to-morrow on the north shore of Elwin Bay. On the second day, if I do not feel certain of reaching Port Leopold, and a creek offers as a shelter for the night, I should stop a little earlier, in order not to expose our tent to the chance of being blown away." I have also taken three rockets, with which to announce our arrival on the second evening, if we are not too far off. The party consists of Dr. Cowie, two men, and myself. I fear that the doctor's presence will be more needed there than here, Mr. Kennedy being a great sufferer from rheumatism; and this time I forestalled Dr. Cowie's wishes by choosing him as one of us. The other two are, Mr. Magnus, one of the men of the first attempt, and Mr. Smith. Two pair of snow-shoes will do to clear a path with, if the snow is very thick. Altogether, this expedition is perhaps more dangerous than the first one; but, if I do not deceive myself as to the dangers, it is because my duty is to foresee them. I trust in the help of God; if He has ordained otherwise, may His holy will be done! I start full of hope, after reading over and kissing once more some letters which remind me of home and home affections. Adieu;—until when? I write to Lady Franklin.

"13th October.—We are already back again, after a most unfortunate accident, which I have not yet got over, for it destroys hopes long and dearly cherished. This morning, at three o'clock we prepared to start, and at five o'clock we reached the first headland of the bay; the thermometer at two degrees, promised us a tolerably easy journey; the atmosphere was clear, and the ice, along the shore at any rate, everywhere smooth or easy to traverse. Our dogs were so little hindered by the weight of the sledge, that we had to trot to keep up with them; for to hold them back is impossible. At sunrise, a little after seven o'clock, we arrived at the limit of our excursion of the 8th. Two miles further on, a large piece of water reaching to the shore made me uneasy as to the rest of the journey; for it is impossible to judge of the state of a path on the ice, even at a short distance, unless one has been over it. However, as we were at the foot of a ravine where the earth is constantly covered with snow, we endeavoured to pass over it; and, finding there the somewhat recent traces of two bears, we crossed easily by following these traces, which lay over the most

solid part of this frozen crust. My hopes revived when, after clearing this first obstacle, we found the ice sufficiently favourable to allow of our keeping up the same speed. Then I reflected, that if the winds, which always blow through these ravines with great violence, break the ice at the foot of the coast, yet that these ravines form a kind of shore always covered with snow, and along which it is possible to pass at this time of the year. Everywhere else the cliff is perpendicular, and has no shore available in summer. The man who acted as our scout could not keep in front of the dogs, however fast he ran; and, whenever he did gain upon them, they galloped on so as to outstrip him. After our first stoppage, I had formed the plan of leaving the sledge and a man at Elwin Bay, if it appeared difficult to go beyond, and making the rest of the journey as unincumbered as possible, in order to make sure of reaching Port Leopold on the second day. At ten o'clock, as I was standing with one of the men about a hundred metres from the sledge, I fancied I saw it turn over, and then Mr. Smith disappear in the ice. I thought they had fallen into a hole, and ran to their assistance, so fully persuaded that this was the case, that Mr. Smith, who was on his feet, had to call out to me that the ice was breaking under me, and I had only time to spring back. This ice, only two inches thick, was covered with melted snow so as effectually to conceal all danger. Seeing our baggage and provisions entirely wet, I instantly determined to return to the ship to dry them; but another misfortune was impending: the floe on which we stood had broken away, and the rising tide was drifting it out to sea, whilst we were saving our property. Fortunately, we had had the prudence to keep close to the shore, and Mr. Smith, being wet, remained a few minutes in the water, and was able to cut away some ropes as well as the harness of our poor dogs. My knapsack being at the upper part of the sledge, we were able to give some dry clothes to Mr. Smith, who was half frozen; and a few other bags were thrown on shore, but all wet, and excessively heavy as soon as the sea-water in which they were soaked froze. The doctor, whom I had requested not to give brandy to the men before starting, had, no doubt misunderstood me, for every one was afraid to tell me that there was a small phial of it among the things saved: a few drops soon revived our companion; and, although I am opposed to a regular consumption of spirits, I shall, in future take care that there be a sufficient quantity in case of need. The chief part of our baggage, four buffalo-ropes, the tent, our portable kitchen, the doctor's instrument case, the only one on board the *Prince Albert*, and our sledge, were all drifting out to sea. There was no time to be lost. Our things, having frozen, were of an enormous weight; and, as it was important for us to be on board by night, not knowing what the movements of the ice might be, I set the example, and left all my property there; and at eleven o'clock we began sadly to retrace the road which we had come along only a few hours before full of hope and confident of success. Our dogs, who had set off at full speed the moment they were free, were waiting for us three or four miles off; but having grown distrustful, they would not follow us on the ice, and escaped. We thought, and rightly as it proved, that their instinct, especially that of the mother-bitch would bring them on board again. At five o'clock we found ourselves once more among our friends, who were, doubtless, very far from expecting so prompt a return; but thankful to heaven that our misfortune had not been greater, and that all had returned."

With the return of the *Prince Albert* in the following September to Disco Island Lieutenant Bellot's journal of that expedition terminates. It was during a second voyage to the polar seas, subsequent to the departure of Sir Edward Belcher's squadron, that Lieutenant Bellot set out on the voyage from which he was never to return. Desirous of

still persevering in the search, he obtained permission to embark in the summer of 1853, with Captain Inglefield, in the *Phœnix*, destined to carry supplies to the *Assistance* and *Resolute*; and it was while in the act of carrying despatches to Sir Edward Belcher that poor Bellot perished. For an account of this final catastrophe, we quote from the feeling memoir of M. Julien Lemer:—

"Captain Inglefield had left the *Phœnix* two days before, to go in search of Captain Pullen, who had been separated for a month from his ship, *North Star*, which remained in Erebus and Terror Bay. His intention was, immediately on his return, to devise means for forwarding the Admiralty despatches to Sir Edward Belcher; the transmission of those despatches was one of the special and urgent objects of the mission of the *Phœnix*. Now, Captain Pullen having re-appeared shortly after Captain Inglefield's departure, Bellot, who knew how important it was that the despatches should be promptly delivered, and was always ready to encounter every danger, thought it his duty to anticipate the commander's return. He conferred with Captain Pullen, whom he left with the two vessels, and set out on the 12th August, accompanied by the quarter-master of the *North Star* and three sailors, and taking with him a sledge and an India-rubber canoe.

"It was supposed that Sir Edward Belcher was in Wellington Channel, in the neighbourhood of Cape Belcher. In that direction, therefore, the little troop set out, marching close along the eastern shore of the channel. After encamping the first day three miles from Cape Innis, the five men halted next day, on detached blocks of ice, about three miles from Cape Bowden. On the night of the 14th, on quitting that cape, they had to cross a cleft in the ice, four feet wide, which they effected prosperously enough. They were three miles off land, where Bellot proposed to encamp, and he tried to reach it in the India-rubber canoe; but being twice driven back by a violent gale from the south-east, he determined to have an attempt made by two of his companions, Harvey, the quarter-master of the *North Star*, and Madden. The attempt succeeded, and once on shore, the two men fixed a pass-rope between the sledge and the coast, by means of which three objects could be transported. A fourth trip was about to be undertaken, when Madden, who was up to his middle in the water, perceived that the ice was setting itself in motion off shore and towards mid-channel. Bellot shouted to let go the rope: an effort may yet be made, a hope remains; but the motion of the ice is so rapid that, before any measure can be taken, it is already an enormous distance from the shore. 'I then went to the top of a hill to watch them,' says Madden, in his deposition, 'and saw them swept away from land towards mid-channel. I watched from that spot for six hours, but lost sight of them in two. When they passed out of sight, the men were standing near the sledge, M. Bellot on the top of the hummock. They seemed to be on a very solid piece of ice.' At that moment the wind was blowing strongly from the south-east, and it was snowing.

"That moving mass of ice, thus driven northward by a furious gale, carried away the unfortunate Bellot and two sailors with him, William Johnson and David Hook. After vainly endeavouring to shelter themselves under the tent with which their sledge was loaded, the three men began to cut a house for themselves in the ice with their knives. But let Johnson speak; his deposition is precise, and nevertheless very touching:

"'M. Bellot,' he says, 'sat for half an hour in conversation with us, talking on the danger of our position. I told him I was not afraid, and that the American Expedition were drawn up and down this channel by the ice. He replied, 'I know they were; and when the Lord protects us not a hair of our heads shall be touched.' I then asked M. Bellot what time it was. He said, 'About a quarter past eight A.M.' (Thursday the 18th), and then lashed up his books, and said he



would go and see how the ice was driving. He had only been gone about four minutes, when I went round the same hummock under which we were sheltered to look for him, but could not see him; and on returning to our shelter saw his stick on the opposite side of a crack, about five fathoms wide, and the ice all breaking up. I then called out, 'Mr. Bellot!' but no answer (at this time blowing very heavy). After this I again searched round, but could see nothing of him. I believe that when he got from the shelter the wind blew him into the crack, and his south-wester being tied down he could not rise.

The character and feelings of Lieutenant Bellot are characteristically exemplified in the following touching letter which he addressed to his family on the occasion of his undertaking a perilous mission during his voyage in the *Prince Albert*; it was found among his effects after death, two years after the date of its being written:—

"Wednesday, September 10, 1851.

"MY DEAR AND EXCELLENT FRIENDS,

"If you receive this letter I shall have ceased to exist, but shall have quitted life in the performance of a mission of peril and honour. You will see in my journal, which you will find among my effects, that our captain and four men were necessarily left behind in the ice to save the rest; so, after effecting that, we were compelled to go to the assistance of these worthy fellows. Possibly I had no right to run such a risk, knowing how necessary I am to you in every way; but death may probably draw upon the different members of my family the consideration of men, and the blessings of Heaven.

"Farewell! to meet again above, if not below. Have faith and courage.

"God bless you!

J. BELLOT."

The strong sympathy which has been manifested in this country for Bellot's loss is already sufficiently known. Through the exertions chiefly of Sir Roderick Murchison, a testimonial subscription of 2000*l.* has been raised, 1500*l.* of which is to be presented to the five sisters of the deceased, reserving 500*l.* for the distinguished memorial of an obelisk of Aberdeen granite, to be erected on the bank of the Thames in front of Greenwich Hospital.

*Woman's Devotion.* A Novel. Hurst and Blackett.

*Love versus Money.* A Novel. Saunders and Otley.

*A Lost Love.* By Ashford Owen. Smith, Elder, and Co.

*Paul Ferrol.* A Tale. By the Author of 'IX. Poems by V.' Saunders and Otley.

*Selfishness; or, Seed-Time and Harvest.* By Mrs. Toogood. Longman and Co.

THE story of 'Woman's Devotion' is distinguished by the elaborate and strongly contrasted manner in which two of the principal female characters are delineated. In other respects the novel differs little either in plot or style from ordinary books of the class. But it is seldom that so much pains are taken with the details of the personages of fiction as this writer has put forth in the character of two ladies, the one of extravagantly good, and the other of extravagantly bad disposition by nature. The story has a moral aim in representing how the evil and malicious spirit was subdued and conquered by the meek temper and generous ways of the heroine, who bears the unusual name of 'Nest,' and is described as 'a faint picture of a departed sister' of the author. However much 'Nest' may be drawn from life, we do not believe that any real prototype of Lady Jane

Malcolm ever existed, though her eccentric character is partly accounted for in the circumstances of her early life:—

"Born of the ducal house of Nairn, the seed of a proud, imperious spirit was early planted in her childish heart, and gathered nurture from all that was around her. The loving mother could see no fault in her beautiful imperious child. The indulgent father amused himself with the pride that glanced from her regal eyes. Neither saw the upas tree that was growing up, to mar so fair a work, but rather deemed her haughtiness only suitable to so much beauty, such high rank.

"And as it grew, the nobler qualities of generosity, beneficence, and candour, that often bring forth their flowers from beneath a high and haughty front, were stifled in the bud; leaving room for rank weeds of selfishness, envy, and passion, to rise in their place, subservient to nothing but the heart of pride in which they flourished. There could be only one thing said in favour of the Lady Jane, and to say in favour is, sooth to say, ironical. Her only sister surpassed her in everything but beauty. Nevertheless, this was so far an advantage to Lady Jane, that near her sister she shone in amiable and softened character. And when their father died in the prime of life, leaving them to the sole care of their fond but weak mother, their indomitable spirit soon rose above her control. Young as they were, their pride was bitterly touched at having to give place to a distant cousin, the title descending in the male line. And while on the one sister this event had the effect of realizing an ancient proverb, and increasing her haughtiness and pride; in the case of the Lady Jane, it but stimulated her to use all her energies to replace herself in a position similar to the one she had lost."

Now let us see the contrast between Lady Jane and Nessie, or Nest, her daughter-in-law, whose influence over her son she did everything to control:—

"Lady Jane felt with anger, impotent anger, that she was no match for a character like Nest's. Quiet but watchful, dignified yet gay, clever yet humble, sensible but full of child-like happiness; even Lady Jane herself was not insensible to the charm of a character like this. When alone, when pondering over the vexations she made her suffer, and the slow but seemingly sure victory she was achieving, hate, undoubted, naked, bare hate, was the only feeling she had towards her.

"Yet, when in her company, there was something so sweet and bewitching, so lovely and so engaging; she caught herself often following her movements, words, and steps, with eyes and thoughts of uncontrollable admiration. She was conscious also, that whenever Nest addressed herself, there was a peculiar gentleness in her manner, her sweet voice seemed like flute notes, and those exquisite eyes, so large, so deeply gray, so radiant in pure sunshine of heart, they assumed that beseeching, tender look, which had so struck her upon her first introduction."

Their diversity of character at length rendered separation unavoidable, and a terrible scene ensued, when Nest—for Lord Gomer, the husband, dared not undertake it—announced to her mother-in-law that another house was prepared for her. After some preliminary talk the gentle but firm wife says:—

"'It is useless to hide anything from each other, for we must by this time know that the same house will not hold us. Lord Gomer has ever paid you the deference and respect of a son, and would not now so far forget his relationship to you, by ordering you out of his house. But with me it is different; you will not grant me the permission to be the daughter I would wish; I, therefore, owe you neither duty nor affection. And after the wicked and base act of trying to separate me from my husband, I feel no compunction in saying, that by this day week, you must remove to your own house.'

"'God of heaven, support me! what language is this! what insolence! Do you dare to suppose I will be dictated to by a baby girl, an impertinent, foolish girl! Begone! leave my room, leave my presence. God defend me, I shall expire with rage.'

"'Truly, to a spectator, the sight was wonderful; the magnificent proportions, the grand, stately beauty of Lady Jane, all swelling into double size, from rage and indignation, yet cowering before that slight figure, that fair, girlish face, so still, so gentle, so full of pitying grace; but the glorious eyes looked full and strong upon Lady Jane: they said plainly, 'It shall be as I have said.'

"Nest felt that upon this interview depended her own and her husband's future happiness. Whatever compassion she might feel, was lost, in the stern determination, that she must hold to her purpose.

"'Nay,' said Nest, 'be less angry. See this packet of letters; do you suppose I could live with you, knowing that you sent them to me?'

"'How do you know I sent them?' said Lady Jane, her cheek flushing.

"'The seal with which they were fastened lies there, under that chair; it fell out of the malachite box.'

"'Absurd!' said Lady Jane, as she stooped hastily to pick it up, and concealed it in her pocket. 'You must have some better ground to go upon, ere you accuse me of such things.'

"'Then I will show the letters to my husband, said Nest quietly.

"'Odious girl!' said Lady Jane, 'odious, hateful girl!' and she snatched the letters from Nest, throwing them into the fire."

At this moment the Duke of Nairn and Lord Gomer enter the room, and the fiendish idea enters Lady Jane's head of representing these burnt letters as containing proofs of Nest's infidelity. A woman capable of such a scheme might be thought past reclaiming, yet the story narrates how, after the loss of her son, and after passing through other trials, Lady Jane became a gentle and pious woman, gained over by the Christian temper and sweet disposition of her whom she had long wronged. The working out of these ideas forms the chief point of the story, the other points of which are not of great interest. The character of the heroine is really a most finished and beautiful portraiture, and will secure attentive perusal of the tale.

THE novel 'Love versus Money' is an off-hand, roughly-written book. In this story, as in the last, the severity of an ill-favoured and hard-hearted woman towards the heroine is an important element in the plot. The rapid and superficial flow of the style prevents the reader feeling any weariness, though repressing much admiration for the author's ability or taste. The dénouement of the tale is thus abruptly announced. The scenes we ought to mention are laid in Ireland, and we suppose the author is a native of that country, at least his mind is Celto-Hibernian if his body is not:—

"'Ever kept to her determination, and returned to Dublin at the time she specified; and if Sir Richard appeared in the capital immediately afterwards, she could not help it.

'The king himself must follow her  
If she had walked before.'

"'Her cousin had business with her father, and came every day to transact it; but strange to say, after asking one little favour, which Mr. Daly shed tears in granting, he always arrived just as the preceptor was departing on his duties, and had no time to spare, and so he was obliged to stay for his return!

"'Oh, days that fell before the feet of Time like flowers! Oh, happiness that opened on the heart like heaven!

"'Pleasure is like quicksilver,—difficult to catch,

difficult to hold. Nevertheless, when we are young, we delight in trying, and pouncing down our eager fingers essay to grasp the shining bead, when lo! we break it in a dozen parts, and know not which to choose; of course, we seize the largest, and endeavour then to join the rest.

"Thus Richard chose his glittering piece of happiness, and, bent upon the last exploit, returned to Hardworth to collect his smaller forces; and his courage must remain *sans tache* for ever; for, armed with love alone, he rushed into the arena of his mother's pride, and with unflinching voice declared his marriage settled with his cousin, Evelyn Daly!

"We have not bravery sufficient to record the scene that followed! No, we draw a veil over his mother's meanness—cover her spite and anger—thanking our stars that Eve had spirit, fire, and courage to assert her rights, with love and charity to guide her in the conflict. She would require them all, for Lady Hardworth never changed; and though Richard was most liberal about her jointure, allowing her to retain possession of Hardworth House, its elegant appointments and dignities pertaining, all these availed her nothing, so long as she saw Eve sitting, like 'Mordecai the Jew, at the king's gate!'"

'A Lost Love,' by Ashford Owen, is a short but well-written tale of the affections. There is not much in the story itself, but the author shows unusual knowledge of character, and a shrewd acquaintance with the springs that move modern society. As an example of the ordinary matter of the dialogues of the book, the following conversation commences out of a remark about the overcare shown by most women as to dress:—

"Indeed," said Mrs. Lewis, 'I should like to set up an elaborate defence for woman's love of dress; I think it is natural and becoming. I used really to act upon the principle of indifference far more than I do now; but my lofty theories concerning trifles have faded away, and I don't much believe even in woman's mission to set man's world right.'

"My dear, nobody asks you to believe in such a thing. I had rather that you spent all day dressing yourself, than fell into such a dreary enthusiasm."

"But, Constance," said Mrs. Lewis again, who was always drawn out by her friend's neighbourhood, and who was half-laughing, half-serious,—'do you know, I think nothing would teach a woman love of dress more than love for a clever man; which, you know, ought to raise one.'

"Oh! love for any man would, I suppose: but perhaps your instance is especially right."

"I think," Mrs. Lewis went on rather eagerly, 'I think that a woman never feels her own littleness so much as by the side of a man, and he (at first) would forgive a crime more quickly than any ungracefulness in a woman.'

"Of course, we are taught that it is our business to please; small blame to us if we follow it up," laughed Constance.

"Dress does make a difference; and when women who have intellect learn that they must give way before a pretty woman, I think it is natural that the mania of dress should possess them."

"You came out very eloquently upon 'l'événement de la toilette,'" said Constance: 'I didn't know how well you could advocate the cause; and, after all, a great lack of beauty is a misfortune in a woman. Only, there is one thing that I often feel: if intellect avails a woman almost nothing in the battle of life, goodness is of itself more worth to her than to a man.'

"You think so?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," she repeated. 'In a man's earliest dreams of perfection, goodness and beauty go hand in hand; a woman dreams of goodness as a matter of course, but it is not always on that her fancy dwells with the utmost complacency, but on strength and intellect. What crime would we not forgive sooner than cowardice?'

"My dear, I shouldn't like for one to do without goodness," exclaimed Mrs. Erskine.

"No, no, I was not saying that, but simply that goodness does not hold so prominent a place in a woman's first ideal as in a man's: a very faulty and undisciplined ideal you may say, but it is true for all that."

Of the other two volumes, the titles of which are prefixed to this notice, that on 'Selfishness, or Seed-Time and Harvest,' by Mrs. Toogood, is a pleasantly-written tale, pious in spirit, and practical in its purpose. The story of 'Paul Ferrol' is one of melodramatic horror, exciting in some parts by its violent and strange scenes, but neither healthy in tone nor natural in character. It is very improbable that a man whose conscience is represented as burdened with a terrible crime, could have acted so as to gain and keep the esteem of all with whom he came in contact, and even if it were possible, no good purpose is served by the exhibition of a command of spirit less human than fiend-like.

#### *Art-Hints. Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting.* By James Jackson Jarves. S. Low, Son, and Co.

ALTHOUGH there is little novelty in the matter of this volume, yet English readers will be interested in seeing how familiar subjects are treated by an intelligent and accomplished American. Mr. Jarves claims, it is true, the merit of originality for his work, as being the first attempt to exhibit the abstract principles of Art, combined with its historic progress and its social relations. But many writers, from the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds down to Mr. Ruskin in our own day, have illustrated the associations of architecture, sculpture, and painting, with the development of human nature and of national history. On some particular branches, such as the connexion of painting with religious opinion and feeling, many elaborate treatises have appeared, among which the works of Lord Lindsay, of Mrs. Jameson, and of M. Rio, are distinguished. The merit of the present volume consists in its giving a comprehensive and popular statement of the varied relations of Art to man, and though addressed chiefly to Americans, the general principles are applicable to human nature in all civilized countries. The language of Art to the eye, like that of Music to the ear, is catholic and cosmopolitan. But the working of Art at particular periods or among different people, as affected by national character, education, political institutions, religion, and other influences, is a subject of inquiry of much importance and interest. Such is the scope of the 'Art-Hints,' in which Mr. Jarves treats of Art in relation to man's twofold nature—the material and spiritual, and in relation to human history, describing the rise and progress of great schools of art from the old classic periods, through the mediæval and renaissance epochs, to our modern times. Of the author's views and hopes regarding Art in his own country our readers may like to see the tendency:—

"America—I mean the United States—is but just girding her loins for the race set before her. While men have to contend with stern nature, winning civilization step by step from the wilderness, they have no leisure for sought but the necessary. The useful is the next step. Then come the requirements of ease and luxury, and their attendant train of degenerating influences. In the United States we have arrived at that period of our national career; or rather, while on our frontiers the strife of man with nature is in constant progress, on our sea-board we have enslaved her to the administration of our sensual

comforts to a degree that no other nation has ever rivalled on so gigantic a scale. History tells us there is danger in this. Upholstery, dainty furniture, mechanics racked to construct in quantities those things that tend to glitter or mislead, machinery multiplied for the fabrication of all objects, not only of use but of ornament, art degraded to manufacture, all bespeak a people with their eyes yet unopened to a sense of their full capacity for greatness and refinement. There is no halting-place in a nation's career. She advances or recedes. If she mistake the road, others advance on the right track and secure the prize. There is more hope for America in her future than for any other nation. In proportion to her hope is also her danger, for the principle which bids her soar is equally active to bring her down. This principle is freedom of mind. Elsewhere the governments make their subjects; in America, alone, individuals make their governments; as is the individual so is the government. The importance then of rightly directing not only the principles but the taste—in its full significance, to be hereafter defined—is self evident. The love and fear of God is indeed the keystone to the political arch. In proportion as religion demonstrates those principles in their acceptance to man, in that proportion are they wise for this life and safe for another. But strip religion of its element of beauty, crush the taste and refinement of a nation in the anaconda grasp of bigotry, and you shut out heaven from earth, and turn earth itself into a wilderness of unprofitable duties. Heroic virtues and stern self-denial are for times of trial, when the soul's energies must be concentrated by the struggles of existence into mighty efforts. But with the passing of the storm comes the sunshine. Hearts are to soften and expand under its genial warmth. Love is to elevate and taste to refine them. The energies which have raised America to the position of an enigma for all nations must still find employment. License, the fruit of misdirected passion, and effeminacy, the canker of luxury, are equally stumbling-blocks in her progress. She has strength and wealth, freedom and mental activity. The right direction to be given to each is the problem to settle. Art looks to America with open arms. How is it to be carried there? Not by misses who run over Europe and bring back a cabin-load of new bonnets, with dresses and trinkets to match: neither by women whose aim is display and ruling principle vanity; nor by young gentlemen whose attainments are limited to the run of 'cafés' and gambling saloons. We have too many of them, and too many of such families as that of Santa Maria della Salute, whose sole reminiscences of European travel are the number and not the quality of sights. We need Art-students, men of sincerity and labour, who will not hesitate to go on their backs and knees, if need be in the dust, to read the soul-language of the mightiest minds in Europe. Europe is a storehouse of Art, but its value and lessons are lost in a great measure upon the nations that gave it birth. Still those silent voices speak. Out of old churches, mouldering tombs, time-honoured galleries, there go forth eternal principles of truth, if rightly studied able to guide the taste and warm the heart of young America, and urge her on in the race of renown."

In another place occur some remarks which are not less applicable to a new country like America than to the provincial and manufacturing districts of England, where wealth and energy abound, without social life being adorned by the refinements of taste. Let us hope that the increase of communication, and the influence of the schools of art everywhere springing up, will effect improvements in this respect:—

"The United States of America have not yet established their claim to a school of Art. For nearly two centuries the combined influence of Puritanism and the doctrines of William Penn have caused the public mind to look with doubt upon whatever savoured of sensual beauty. The



energies of a new country must, also, be given for a long period to the absolute necessities of existence. In America, however, a lustrum equals in progress a quarter of a century in Europe. A feeling for Art is rapidly developing. Architecture, though in the main borrowed from European types, is freeing itself from old forms and adapting itself to the spirit of a new race. In rural buildings this is particularly evident. The noble spirit of emulation and appreciation of Art which led to the erection of the mediæval edifices of Europe, delighting in ornament for its own truths of beauty and suggestion, looking to utility in a secondary sense, is still unknown. Rivalry there is, but unfortunately its direction is towards personal show, the indulgence of vanity, and a display of the superfluities of luxury, instead of being diverted into the wholesome channels of great public works, which would stamp a character of thought and enterprise upon our age. Yet we struggle onward towards a correct feeling for Art. The desire for something beyond abstract utility and mere sensuous excitement is being felt. We are emerging from the fog of sense and opening our eyes upon the world of Art-beauty, astonished at its capacity to elevate and refine. The variety, purity, and spirituality which it unfolds, are no less wonderful to Americans, who, for the first time, are enabled to indulge in Europe those undefined longings of the imagination, which made their spirits chafe beneath the pressure of calculating utilitarianism and selfish enterprise at home. I do not intend to disparage the motives which have led America so rapidly into civilization and power. They are the first great principles of social progress. But they are not enough of themselves. Something more is necessary to complete the circle of human existence. This we find only in spirit; the loftiest human faculty by which man feels Beauty and takes its truths to his soul."

Of the independence of Mr. Jarves in his opinions and criticisms we give an instance in part of his account of Turner and his works, to see which was one of the chief inducements to his visiting London:—

"Turner's fame as an oil painter by some is made to rest upon his later style. I was attracted to London, solely by their encomiums, to see the Art-wonders so enthusiastically indorsed. At the risk of being all wrong myself, I shall frankly give my own views, which, so far as in me lie, are founded upon the broad principles of Art. The remarks will apply exclusively to those works which Turner himself esteemed his best, and will be to the British nation."

"I have already sufficiently conceded his great merits as a general artist. Further than this I would say, that in some of his recent pictures there are portions of colour that sparkle with light, and are true to Nature; but they are so rare, as we now see his pictures, as to seem exceptions to his general tone."

"Turner, being deficient in colour, lacked the first essential of a painter. In his paintings in his own gallery he failed in more than this. My first impression upon viewing these pictures was that they were the freaks of a madman. They reminded me of the effect of frost upon a window, attractive from its unmeaning variety of forms, though sometimes resolving itself into the likeness of natural objects."

"In these pictures Turner appears to have departed from all those qualities which make his water-colours so valuable. There is nothing of Nature in them. Occasionally some familiar object is suggested, but there is no certainty, even after close study, of the motive, and scarcely of the form. With many, the time chosen, especially in the Venetian pictures, is when the sunlight is strongest, and we naturally fly from its glare. If his ambition were to rival Nature's intensest light, he has, as all painters must, signally failed. The pictures present glaring white surfaces, spotted with positive colours, laid on with a dash of the brush or the fingers, with little or no attention to form; an intense blue for the

upper sky, but all colour opaque, and the canvas so heavily loaded that in many places the paint has dried, cracked, and dropped off. Where, as in the *Napoleon*, he has aimed at strength of colour, he has given only an unintelligible glare of blood-red and spotty-black over a white surface, on which form is almost wholly untraceable, so that the picture is more like an artistic nightmare than a coherent thought."

"His *Hail, Rain, and Steam*, is no less untrue to Nature. The bridges are mere ghosts of substance. Both earth and water are equally destitute of quality. The sky is far more solid than the stone-work. It has no luminosity whatever, but is actually falling to pieces from its own weight of paint. Even the locomotive, which should have the appearance of metal at least, is a mere phantom. The iron-work, which naturally suggests strength and capacity, is made up of a thin glazing of black. In short, he has reversed the first principles of painting, leaving solids transparent and making liquids solid, and pitching all upon so high a key as to offend the eye. Now this is not the work of a sane man. It may be a freakish display of power, an endeavour to accomplish impossible ends through frail materials, or an attempt to dazzle by eccentricity; but it is not the labour of an artist, rich in the experience of time, diligent and patient, and loyal to Nature's truths."

However, the true greatness of Turner is by the author well understood, and ably delineated:—

"His drawings have an exquisite sense of harmony. In gradations and variety he carefully studied Nature. One of his chief merits is that he suggests more than he represents. Feeling is conspicuous in his work; consequently we fail to exhaust his work, but go to it again and again, ever discovering some new beauty or thought. We feel the inability of material to portray his complete idea. There is a sublimity of expression in Nature beyond Art to render, but of which Turner, more than any other artist, makes us sensible; indeed, in the making up of his landscape world, he condenses so much of the noblest and loveliest elements of the natural, that we feel his ideal, while recognising the truthfulness of the actual scenery. He catches the best expression of Nature. While Turner has laboured as the prophet of Nature to make us perceive her beauty and sublimity, Ruskin, in no less degree, has wrought as the apostle, to make us comprehend her truths. To these two Art-souls the world is more indebted than the present generation may confess. To name the drawings and engravings which stamp Turner as the greatest master of landscape, would be to fill a volume; he was as prolific and various as he was cultivated. We see that he embodied both power and diligence. There are in him no traces of academic teachings; every line breathes of the pure school of Nature."

The critical comments on the style and works of the masters of the various schools are generally judicious and sound, making allowance for occasional peculiarities such as always exist in matters of taste. On the whole, the work is one that may render good service to students in this country as well as in America. It is a suggestive as well as instructive volume, and deals with the philosophy as well as the facts of the history of Art.

*Sketches of the Irish Bar; with Essays, Literary and Political.* By William Henry Curran, Esq. Hurst and Blackett.

THESE *Sketches and Essays* by Mr. Curran form a companion work to the recently republished 'Legal and Political Sketches by the late Mr. Sheil.' The two writers were associated in the production of the series of papers, as they originally appeared in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' when under the editorship of Thomas Campbell. Although

the names of Curran and Sheil were mentioned conjointly as authors of the 'Sketches of the Irish Bar,' with which the series of contributions commenced, each separate article was the sole production of the particular writer to whom it is now assigned in this authorized reprint. It is necessary to mention this, as an American edition of the *Sketches* has mixed up the papers and confounded the authorship. A number of miscellaneous essays, entitled *Literary and Political*, accompany Curran's legal and biographical sketches, and occupy a large portion of the second volume. Prefixed to the first volume is a new contribution, a notice of the late Chief Baron Woulfe, a biographical memoir of a more elaborate character than the magazine articles which it introduces. Woulfe's public life was one of little incident, and it is chiefly the partiality of private friendship that has given such prominence to the present memoir. An account of his pamphlet on the catholic question, which had much influence in its day, occupies a considerable part of Mr. Curran's narrative. The professional career of Stephen Woulfe was one of smooth prosperity, and his estimable character is expressed in his biographer's assurance that "Stephen Woulfe never had an enemy." Appended to the memoir of Chief Baron Woulfe, are *Notes of Conversations with Chief Justice Bushe*, with some prefatory remarks, in which occurs the following personal sketch:—

"In thus giving publicity to these fragments of Charles Kendal Bushe's familiar conversation, I should be doing a grievous injustice to the memory of that accomplished man, if I were to intimate that, in themselves, they can convey any but the faintest idea of what that conversation was. They may lead his surviving intimates to recognise him, but they never can enable a stranger to him to know him. Even if I could offer a literal transcript of every word that fell from him, how much would still be wanting! His imposing figure and deportment, his graceful, persuasive gestures, his manly, pliant features, so easily seduced from their habitual dignity by a love of gentlemanly fun, his fine, sonorous voice, his genial laughter; such were some, though not all, of the ingredients in that combination, which made Bushe the most fascinating of companions. \* \* \* It was in the profusion of materials, and in the power of pouring them out for hours without cessation or fatigue, that the Chief Justice appeared to me to be so peculiar, and, in his own time and country, unrivalled. It was that ever-running 'stream of mind,' such as Johnson had found, and so much prized in the conversation of Edmund Burke. I may just add, that his manner, whether the subject was grave or otherwise, was somewhat higher than the ordinary tone of familiar conversation, but no one ever wished that he should change it. With him it was unaffected, and well assorted with the natural dignity of his mind and person. It was only upon one or two occasions while I was with him, that his subject led him to assume for a moment that more stately manner which distinguished and adorned his public efforts."

Some of the fragmentary recollections and anecdotes we subjoin:—

"The Chief Justice spoke a good deal of the Bar. He said, the profession had materially improved in respectability within his recollection. When he first came to it, a class of persons, without legal qualifications, had pushed themselves into business by the mere force of vulgar, bustling activity, which would not be tolerated at present. 'Three persons, I consider, to have greatly contributed to produce the change. Curran (who had ignited the Bar), Plunket, and Saurin. The last brought legal knowledge into repute. Egan, were

he now at the bar, would not make half-a-crown in the year. The change may also be, in some degree, attributed to the Union. Since the Union, a better class of men have been raised to the Bench, and able judges will always compel the Bar to be good lawyers.

"The Union has done some good. It has purified the administration of justice by leading to the appointment of a better class of judges, and by putting them more under the control of the English Press. He frequently resorted to the influence of public opinion as expressed through the press, and called it 'that useful rod, suspended over the heads of men in authority.'

"He spoke with disgust of the pedantic obscurity of the old law-writers. 'I was working this morning at a judgment of Lord Coke's, reported in Bulstrode. It took me two hours to discover its meaning. I would rather have sat down to as much Greek. All the difficulty arose from the absurd mystery of the style. The moment I caught the reasoning, I, without any trouble, condensed the whole into six or eight lines. The great object of the early law-writers seems to have been, to be as incomprehensible as possible. Sir William Blackstone was the first great reformer in this respect. He simplified the study of law, as Bacon did that of Natural Philosophy.'

"I cannot bear to hear barristers calling one another their *learned friend*. Why not say, the argument of Mr. Wallace, or Mr. Gilmore, or whatever the name may be?

"August 10th. He asked me if Sheil had ever written any poetry besides his tragedies, and upon my answering that he had not, expressed his regret. 'His mind is one of the richest in poetry and eloquence that I ever met. For the purpose of producing an effect upon a popular audience in Ireland, I consider him as standing in the very first rank. In England it might be considered (though perhaps unjustly), that he attempted to impose upon his hearers by ornament. He seems to me to have high powers for didactic poetry. The rich poetical invectives with which his speeches abound, if versified, would be fine satirical poetry.'

"Grattan was near failing in the English House of Commons. The strangeness of his gestures, intonations, and style, were prejudicing the house against him, and beginning to produce signs of impatience, when he called Dr. Duigenan the 'gentleman of the fifteenth century.' The phrase took, and the remainder of his speech was loudly cheered.

"Grattan was utterly incapable of writing the simplest thing with rapidity. Upon one occasion he lost an important motion in the Irish House of Commons, by his defect in this respect. The house being with him, the Speaker asked him to commit his motion to writing. Five lines would have embraced it, but Grattan wrote and tore, and wrote and tore, till the House, losing its patience, a ministerial member proposed, that instead of a formal resolution of the house, the minister should give a verbal pledge, to which Grattan assented, and thus his motion was lost.

"Grattan was firmly persuaded, from the internal evidence of the style, that Burke was the author of 'Junius.' Among other instances, he used to insist upon it that no living man but Burke could have written that passage in one of the letters to the Duke of Grafton. 'You have now fairly travelled through every sign in the political zodiac, from the Scorpion, in which you stung Lord Chatham, to the hopes of a Virgin in the house of Bloomsbury.'

"My last scene with Grattan was interesting beyond expression. It lasted an hour, and I have never ceased to regret that I did not commit the particulars to paper, as I might easily have done. The details of that one hour would have filled a volume."

In one of these memoranda, George IV. appears in a more respectable intellectual light than he usually has credit for:—

"The Chief Justice related to me the particulars of his meeting with the King at Slane Castle.

"Saurin and I went down together, and arrived barely in time to dress for dinner. I had never been seen by the King, but once at the levee. On going down stairs I met him coming up. The rencontre was most embarrassing, for I imagined that he would not recognise me, but I was at once relieved. He said, 'Bushe, I believe you don't know the ways of this house,' and taking me under the arm, conducted me to the drawing-room. In one moment, I was as much at my ease as if I had been his daily companion.

"I sat opposite to him at dinner. The first words he addressed to me were these (Lady Conyngham, who sat next him, had been whispering something in his ear),—'Bushe, you never would guess what Lady Conyngham has been saying to me. She has been repeating a passage from one of your speeches against the Union.' He saw that I started, and was rather at a loss for what to say, and instantly changed the subject by recommending me to try a particular French dish, from which he had been just helped. 'This (said he) I can recommend as the perfection of cookery. My cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, often produces it for his guests, but always fails in it. It is the same with all his dishes. He has a remarkable talent for giving bad dinners.'

"The King soon after returned to the Union. 'My early opinion was (said he, addressing Saurin) that your and the Solicitor-General's opposition to the measure was well founded, and since I have seen this glorious people, and the effects produced by it, that opinion is confirmed; but (he added, as if correcting himself) I am sure you will agree with me in considering that, now the measure is carried, you would both feel it your duty to resist any attempt to repeal it with as much zeal as you originally opposed it. But you all committed a great mistake. Instead of direct opposition, you should have made terms, as the Scotch did, and you could have got good terms.' He then summed up some of the principal stipulations of the Scotch Union, (he had history at his fingers' ends.) Saurin said, (a very odd remark, as it struck me, to come from him,) 'and the Scotch further stipulated for the establishment of their national religion.' 'You are quite right,' said the king; 'they secured that point also—but, no, no,' he added, hastily checking himself, 'you must pay no attention to what I have just said. It would not be right to have it supposed that I entertain an opinion, from which inferences might be drawn that would afterwards lead to disappointment.'

"In the evening, despatches arrived from England, containing an account of the tumultuous proceedings at the Queen's funeral. The king expressed, without the slightest reserve, his dissatisfaction at the want of energy shown by the government on the occasion, and contrasted with it the firmness of his father during the riots of 1780. He detailed the particulars of the late king's conduct upon that occasion, who, he said, expressly sent for him to be a witness of it, for the regulation of his own conduct upon any similar emergency. He concluded by suddenly saying, in an altered and broken voice, 'I shall never again see such a man as my father.'

"The king spoke of the run of luck that he had lately had—his getting round the Land's End just a few minutes before the wind changed, and his consequent arrival at Holyhead two days before the other vessels—his landing in Ireland on his birth-day, which had been the wish of his heart—and finally, his glorious reception by the Irish people. Among the lucky incidents he suppressed the news of the Queen's death.

"The king's accent had the slightest intermixture of the foreign.

"He has been known to say, 'I wish those Catholics were damned or emancipated.'

The description of the Hall of the Four Courts, at Dublin, is a capital sketch:—

"The building itself is a splendid one. Like the other public edifices of Dublin (and I might add, the private ones) it is an effort of Irish pride, exceeding far in magnificence the substantial wealth

and civilization of the country. In the centre of the interior, and overcanopied by a lofty dome, is a spacious circular hall, into which the several courts of justice open. I was fond of lounging in this place. From the hours of twelve to three it is a busy and a motley scene. When I speak of it as the place of daily resort for the members of the legal profession and their clients, I may be understood to mean that it is the general rendezvous of the whole community; for in Ireland almost every man of any pretensions that you meet, is either a plaintiff or defendant, or on the point of becoming so, and, when in the capital, seldom fails to repair at least once a day to 'the Hall,' in order to look after his cause, and, by conferences with his lawyers, to keep up his mind to the true litigating temperature.

"It is here, too, that the political idlers of the town resort, to drop or pick up the rumours of the day. There is also a plentiful admixture of the lower orders, among whom it is not difficult to distinguish the country-litigant. You know him by his mantle of frieze, his two boots and one spur, by the tattered lease, fit emblem of his tenement, which he unfolds, for his attorney's inspection, as cautiously as Sir Humphrey Davy would a manuscript of Herculaneum, and, best of all, by his rueful visage, in which you can clearly read that some clause in the last ejection-act lies heavy on his heart. These form the principal materials of the scene; but it is not so easy to enumerate the manifold and ever-shifting combinations into which they are diversified. The rapid succession of so many objects, passing and repassing eternally before you, perplexes and quickly fatigues the eye. It fares still worse with the ear. The din is tremendous. Besides the tumult of some hundred voices in ardent discussion, and the most of them raised to the declamatory pitch, you have ever and anon the stentorian cries of the tipstaffs bawling out, 'The gentlemen of the Special Jury to the box,' or the still more thrilling vociferations of attorneys, or attorneys' clerks, hallooing to a particular counsel, that 'their case is called on, and all is lost if he delays an instant,'—whereupon the counsel, catching up the sound of his name, wafted through the hubbub, breaks precipitately from the circle that engages him, and bustles through the throng, escorted, if he be of any eminence, by a posse of applicants, each claiming to monopolise him, until he reaches the entrance of the court, and plunging in, escapes for that time from their importunate solicitations.

"The bustle among the members of the Bar is greatly increased by the circumstance of all of them, with very few exceptions, practising in all the courts. Hence at every moment you see the most eminent darting across the hall, flushed and panting from the recent conflict, and, no breathing-time allowed them, advancing with rapid strides and looks of fierce intent, to fling themselves again into the thick of another fray. It daily happens that two cases, to be heard in different courts, and in which the same barrister is the client's main support, are called on at the same hour. On such occasions it is amusing to witness the contest between the respective attorneys to secure their champion. Mr. O'Connell, for instance, who is high in every branch of his profession, and peculiarly in request for what is termed 'battling a motion,' is perpetually to be seen, a conspicuous figure in this scene of clamour and commotion, balancing between two equally pressing calls upon him, and deploring his want of ubiquity. The first time he was pointed out to me, he was in one of these predicaments, suspended, like Garrick in the picture, between conflicting solicitations. On the one side, an able-bodied, boisterous Catholic attorney, from the county of Kerry, had laid his athletic gripe upon 'the counsellor,' and swearing by some favourite saint, was fairly hauling him along in the direction of the Exchequer—on the other side a more polished town-practitioner, of the established faith, pointed with pathetic look and gesture to the Common Pleas, and in tones of agony implored the learned gentleman to remember 'that their case was actually on, and that if he



were not at his post, the Court would grant the motion, costs and all, against their client."

From the personal recollections and sketches of the Irish bar, we have space for only one extract, about Daniel O'Connell as he appeared at the bar in 1825:—

"Mr. O'Connell is in particular request in jury cases. There he is in his element. Next to the 'harp of his country,' an Irish Jury is the instrument on which he delights to play; and no one better understands its quality and compass. I have already glanced at his versatility. It is here that it is displayed. His powers as a nisi-prisus advocate consist not so much in the perfection of any of the qualities necessary to the art of persuasion, as in the number of them that he has at command, and the skill with which he selects and adapts them to the exigency of each particular case. He has a thorough knowledge of human nature, as it prevails in the class of men whom he has to mould to his purposes. I know of no one that exhibits a more quick and accurate perception of the essential peculiarities of the Irish character. It is not merely with reference to their passions that he understands them, though here he is pre-eminently adroit. He can cajole a dozen of miserable corporation-hacks into the persuasion that the honour of their country is concentrated in their persons. His mere acting on such occasions is admirable: no matter how base and stupid, and how poisoned by political antipathy to himself he may believe them to be, he affects the most complimentary ignorance of their real characters. He hides his scorn and contempt under a look of unbounded reliance. He addresses them with all the deference due to upright and high-minded jurors. He talks to them of 'the eyes of all Europe,' and the present gratitude of Ireland, and the residuary blessings of posterity, with the most perfidious command of countenance. In short, by dint of unmerited commendations, he belabours them into the belief that, after all, they have some reputation to sustain, and sets them chuckling with anticipated exultation, at the honours with which a verdict according to the evidence is to consecrate their names."

Of the other legal sketches that of Plunket is the best. Among the tales of the Irish circuit one paper gives an account of a remarkable trial for murder on the river Shannon, which was taken as the foundation of Mr. Gerald Griffin's successful novel, 'The Collegians.' The contents of the second volume are of a very miscellaneous kind, and some of the papers are on subjects which have lost none of their interest in our own day, such as on the Complaints in America against the English Press, on German Criticism, and The Napoleon Memoirs from St. Helena. In his remarks on the feelings of America towards England, Mr. Curran, with all his Irish enthusiasm, writes with a loyalty and patriotism that ought to put to shame the O'Briens and Duffys of the 'Young Ireland' school. Although written more than thirty years ago, this paper deserves wide circulation both in Great Britain and America, as an admirable statement of the real relations of the two countries, full of sound truth and genuine humour, and equal to the best of the many sketches that have appeared on American character and feeling with regard to the mother country.

#### NOTICES.

*A Letter to the Queen on Lord Chancellor Cranworth's Marriage and Divorce Bill.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Longman and Co. Apart from the domestic troubles and personal grievances of Mrs. Norton's case, her statement of it deserves attention on public grounds. There is no question that the present state of the laws affecting married women in England is in various

respects most discreditable. This has been acknowledged by successive governments, but the difficulties attending legislation have hitherto deterred the authorities from effecting reforms. The publicity of a case like that of Mrs. Norton has been of service in maturing opinion on the subject. In stating her own case, for which there is at present no remedy, she affirms she is pleading the cause of 'the women of England,' to the married portion of whom the laws are in many points harsh and unjust. "Lord Brougham,—so long as sixteen years ago,—spoke of the law as regards a woman's earnings in this most forcible language,—'Could anything be more harsh or cruel,' he said, 'than that the wife's goods and chattels should be at the mercy of the husband, and that she might work and toil for an unkind father to support his family and children, while the husband treated her with harshness and brutality, he all the time rioting and revelling in extravagance and dissipation, and squandering in the company of guilty paramours the produce of her industry? The law was silent to the complaints of such a woman.'" Under the existing system divorce can only be obtained by an act of Parliament, the expenses of which prevent its being obtained except by the rich and influential. That the law might be altered without danger to public morality, Mrs. Norton argues on various grounds, in support of which the practice of the Scottish courts supplies strong confirmation:—"When, in Queen Anne's reign, the legislative union of Scotland was completed, the laws relating to trade, customs, and excise, were assimilated to those of England; but other laws remained untouched; and in nothing is there a larger difference than in all matters relating to marriage, divorce, and legitimization of children. In Scotland, the wife accused of infidelity defends herself as a matter of course, and as a first process,—instead of suffering by the infamous English action for 'damages,' where she is not allowed to interfere, though the result may be to ruin her. In Scotland, the property of the wife is protected; rules are made for her 'aliment' or support; and her clothes and 'paraphernalia' cannot be seized by her husband. In Scotland, above all, the law has power to divorce a vinculo, so as to enable either party to marry again; and the right of the wife to apply for such divorce is equal with the right of the husband." The historical and legal arguments throughout Mrs. Norton's Letter are ably stated, and few readers will withhold assent from the general proposition, that the actual state of the law is unsatisfactory, and requires amendment. In the words of this Letter,—"It is not fit there should be one law for the poor and another for the rich,—one law for the weak, and another for the strong,—one law for England and another for Scotland: and that the effect of this confusion should be (by the admission of lawgivers themselves) scandal, outrage, and fraud; and an impossibility of carrying out the ends of justice. There is needed in England, what is established by law in other countries, a tribunal for marriage and divorce cases, with full power of control."

#### *A Manual of Marine Zoology for the British Isles.*

Part I. By P. H. Gosse, A.L.S. Van Voorst. No one is so well qualified for the compilation of a systematic hand-book of British Marine Zoology as Mr. Gosse. Nothing short of the labourious wading, and diving, and dredging, which this enthusiastic zoologist is known by his 'Rambles on the Devonshire Coast' to have experienced, could avail for such a work. His energetic life has been spent, as is well known, for some years past in 'unveiling the wonders of the deep,' and of committing his experience to paper, both graphically and pictorially, in a manner to allure to brighter and more intelligent understanding of God's works, and now he has commenced the task of reducing his observations to systematic order for youthful minds in the most elementary possible form. The present little pocket volume commences with the lowest grade of animal life, the Sponges,—"without organs, without feeling, without function, woolly masses of fibres more or less compacted, and steeped in jelly"—and passing systematically

through the classes of infusoria, foraminifera, polyps, jelly-fishes, sea-eggs, starfishes, annelides, crustacea, and barnacles, terminates with insects, out of which vast tribe of nearly eighty thousand species only two inhabit the sea. One of the chief recommendations of this manual is its copious supply of outline wood engravings. "Having been accustomed," says Mr. Gosse, "from childhood to draw animals from the life, I have accumulated in my portfolios about three thousand figures of animals or parts of animals, all drawn by myself from nature, of which about two thousand five hundred are of the Invertebrate Classes, and about half of these done under the microscope. The portion of the work now issued (Part I.) contains figures of three hundred and forty species,—a figure of every genus named,—of which one hundred and twenty are drawn from living, and one hundred and two from preserved specimens. Those who are familiar with the subject will, I trust, acquit me of vain-glory in affirming that upwards of a hundred figures taken from living animals in these low forms, constitutes a somewhat unusual feature in a book of this size and price." Part II., which is announced to be in a state of forwardness, is to include the Tunicaries, Mollusca, and Fishes.

*Catherine; the Egyptian Slave* in 1852. By the Rev. W. J. Beaumont, M.A., late Principal of the English College in Jerusalem. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

THE main facts on which this story is founded were related to the author by the Rev. C. L. Lauria, missionary of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, who was resident at Cairo during their occurrence. The book reveals some phases of social life in Egypt, and in Mahomedan countries generally, that might well damp some of the ardour of enthusiasm about our alliance with the Sublime Porte. The barbarism of Turkey, with its domestic slavery, is as degrading to humanity, though less dangerous to England than the barbarism of Russia with its military serfdom. But one result of the war will be to let in European and Christian light on Oriental and Mahomedan lands. In the part of the story where Mr. Beaumont uses the novelist's privilege of fiction, he still adheres to the habits and usages of the races and countries which it is his object to illustrate.

#### SUMMARY.

To the twelfth edition of *A Dictionary of Medicine for Popular Use*, by Alexander Macaulay, M.D. (A. and C. Black), is appended a valuable treatise on Chloroform, from the last edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' by Professor Simpson of Edinburgh, the discoverer of the anæsthetic use of this substance. The remarks of Dr. Simpson as to the preparation and mode of application of this medicinal agent fully explain the discordant reports of its efficacy. In the hospitals of Edinburgh, as well as in private practice, chloroform is constantly used, and scarcely an instance has occurred of the evil consequences too often witnessed in London from using bad material and from ignorance of the right method of application. The publishers have increased the value of Dr. Macaulay's medical manual by the insertion of this paper. The supplement might have also contained notices of some other medicinal agents and varieties of practice, which have come into vogue of late years, and which are not described in the body of the dictionary. The addition of a few more pages in the appendix would keep the work more completely abreast of the medical science and practice of the day.

In a volume of Bohn's Standard Library are given *Selections from the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher*, with Notes and an Introductory Preface by Leigh Hunt (H. G. Bohn). There are reasons, of other kinds than those arising out of moral decency, which render selection more advisable in regard to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher than any other English writers of classic name. Mr. Leigh Hunt is a safe and suitable editor to undertake the task of "selecting, from the whole of their works, the finest scenes, lyrics, and other beauties,

to the exclusion of whatever is morally objectionable." Opinions of distinguished critics, notes, explanatory and otherwise, and a historical and critical preface, are added. Mr. Hunt assures the reader, that though he has been unsparing in omissions, he has made no alterations in the text. The work will be valued by those desirous of seeing in detached form some of the beauties of these old English poets.

In Bohn's Scientific Library, a volume contains a new edition of a work which has deservedly obtained wide popularity in this country, *Joyce's Scientific Dialogues*, with the improvements introduced by William Pinnock, and revised and completed to the present state of knowledge, with an additional chapter on recent discoveries, by J. W. Griffith, M.D. (Henry G. Bohn.) A better book could not be chosen than this as a gift-book to an intelligent boy. We have known many instances of a taste for natural science having been first created by the perusal of *Joyce's Dialogues*. This is a cheap and excellent edition of the book.

In Bohn's Ecclesiastical Library, the fourth volume of *The Works of Philo Judeus* completes this translation from the Greek, by C. D. Yonge, B.A. An index to the whole accompanies this volume.

Two Lectures on the Philosophy of Language, by J. P. Dodd, M.A., LL.D. (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.), were originally delivered at the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Notes are appended illustrative of the more popular statements of the text of the lectures.

A little volume for devotional use, beautifully printed, and containing well-selected passages of scripture and accompanying comments and reflections, is entitled *A Sabbath at Home* (Hall, Virtue, and Co.), intended as a manual for those who are occasionally hindered from attending public worship.

The address delivered by the Earl of Ellesmere, at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, May 26th, 1855, has been printed for private circulation. It would be very desirable to have that part of the address which gives a summary of the discoveries of the past year, and a statement of the present extent and limits of geographical knowledge published in a cheap form for general distribution. No better plan could be adopted for diffusing widely information of a kind too much neglected in our public schools and other centres of education. The institution, by the Royal Geographical Society, of medals to be annually competed for by the upper-form boys of some of our public schools, we venture to suggest as a scheme likely to diffuse knowledge, to awaken interest, and stimulate zeal in geographical studies. An examination, for instance, on the range of subjects contained in Lord Ellesmere's address, would bring out an intelligent knowledge of the present state of the science, and could not fail to direct the minds of some of the competitors to a zealous interest in the objects of the Society, if not to inspire them with an honourable ambition of being personally engaged in similar explorations, surveys, and researches.

In Groombridge's series of miscellaneous works, two little tracts appear on subjects of general interest, *Hard Words made Easy*; or, *Rules for Accent and Pronunciation*, the instructions applying to foreign language as well as to English; and *Blunders in Behaviour Corrected*, hints suggested by natural propriety or social conventionalism.

For Bohn's Philological Library, Mr. Wheeler, author of 'An Analysis and Summary of Herodotus,' has prepared *An Analysis and Summary of Thucydides*, with a chronological table of principal events; tables of money, distances, &c., reduced to English terms; a skeleton outline of the geography; abstracts of all the speeches; an index, and other arrangements, that render the volume a useful key to the study of this historian. Those who are unacquainted with the original, will find in Mr. Wheeler's book a full and accurate statement of the events narrated by Thucydides, and will obtain a clear view of the plan and contents of his work.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Abomination (The) of Desolation Come, 8vo, cloth, 3s.  
 Adulteration of Food, 1s. 6d.  
 Annesley's (J.) Digest of India, 8vo, cloth, 3rd ed., 14s.  
 Bell's English Poets, Vol. 21, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 Bode's (J. E.) Bampton Lectures, 8vo, cloth, 1855, 8s.  
 Bohn's British Classics; Gibbon's Rome, Vol. 7, p. 8vo, 3s. 6d.  
 — Burke's Works, Vol. 4, p. 8vo, 3s. 6d.  
 — Classical Library; Cicero on Orators and Oratory, 5s.  
 — Boos, Life of, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 Caldwell's (R.) Gold Era of Victoria, 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
 Champney's Images, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 Collis's Irregular Greek Verbs, 8vo, cloth, 1s.  
 — Greek and Latin Irregular Verbs, 8vo, cloth, 2s.  
 Cruise's (Rev. F.) Sermons, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
 Furlong's (Rev. C. J.) Sermons, fcap. cloth, 6s.  
 Higgins's (W. M.) Sermons, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.  
 Journal of a Deputation to the East, 3 vols., 2nd ed., 12s.  
 Kemp's (T. L.) Phasis of Matter, 2 vols., post 8vo, cl., 4l. 1s.  
 Klappa's (Gen. G.) War in the East, post 8vo, cloth, 6s.  
 Krause's (W. H.) Sermons, post 8vo, cloth, new ed., 5s.  
 Lardner's Museum, Vol. 7, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.  
 Morris's (G.) Sermons, crown 8vo, cloth, 4s.  
 Olga; or, Russia in the Tenth Century, 12mo, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
 Ottendorff's (H. G.) Introduction to Learning German, 3s. 6d.  
 Ryan's (G.) Lives of the Heroes in the Crimea, p. 8vo, 3s. 6d.  
 Smith's (Sydney) Memoirs, 2 vols., 8vo, cl., 2nd ed., 4l. 8s.  
 Traveller's Lib., 68; Visit to the Valdais of Piedmont, 1s.  
 Turkey; being Sketches by the Roving Englishman, 2s.

## LOVE UNTOLD.

My joy, yet grief—my rose, and yet my thorn;  
 My soul's sweet day, and yet my spirit's night:  
 When thou standest by, I sigh as one forlorn—  
 And when afar, I languish for thy sight.  
 Apart from thee, the world affords no cheer,  
 And still I tremble when thy step is near.

I dream of thee, yet lose thee in my dreams,  
 And waking ask of fate if this must be;  
 The realm of feeling hath a thousand streams,  
 And every stream but bears my heart to thee.  
 Yet did thy form appear—my feet would stray,  
 As if they loved thee not, another way!

There is a constant fever in my breast,  
 A something hoped, which dies when hope is  
 given;  
 A sweet delight, and yet a strange unrest;  
 A thought that trembles betwixt earth and  
 heaven.  
 Would I loved less; or would the power were here  
 To own my love—and triumph over fear!

CHARLES SWAIN.

## ON UNIVERSAL PROVERBS.

SOME proverbs, from their forms, and also from the sentiments, opinions, or judgments which they express, are very limited in their geographical extension, some being confined to parishes or hundreds, as a certain part of Surrey, where the people do not know if it rains till they look in a pool. A farmer who lived only a very few years ago in this district, once brought to the bank of the country town near which he resided some money in gold, to be exchanged for paper, or for deposit or investment; it was in the year 1842, when the light gold was called in and recoined. One of the farmer's pieces (sovereigns) was found deficient; when told by the clerk that this was the case, he merely said, 'Try it on the other side, Sammy.' The Gothamites have, as is well known, been jeered for their eels in little pools,

'Which they were told were drowning;  
 Or of their cheese showed down a hill;  
 Or of their cuckoo sitting still,  
 While they it hedged around.'

'A Yorkshire bite,' expresses the sharpness of a Yorkshire man, and is used only on the confines of that and in the contiguous counties. The writer has heard the greatest apprehensions expressed by the farmers on the south side of the Humber about dealings with Yorkshire men. 'An Aberdeen man never stands to the word which hurts him,' or 'He may take his word again,' is repeated all over braid Scotland, and is as sincerely believed as the stories of Gothamism and Yorkshire sharpness, with about as much reason. Simpletons and sharpers are not restricted to special places, as Nottingham, Yorkshire, and Aberdeen; they flourish everywhere. There are, besides, national

soubriquets, 'John Bull,' 'Bogtrotter,' &c. &c. There is a great class of proverbs which do not express partial or even national characteristics, or what are popularly believed to be so, but general truths—the general or universal feelings of all mankind—proverbs based not on national characteristics, provincial prejudices, or village rivalries, but on the broad basis of 'universal humanity.' This general sympathy or apathy underlies what is national or circumstantial; life is viewed from a higher point, and the view embraces more of what is nearest and dearest to man than the national aspects under which humanity is usually contemplated. In an extended prospect, the views or objects are more numerous and of greater variety than they are in a contracted one; so it is with proverbs. The number of proverbs embracing or affording general views of life, manners, opinions, prejudices, beliefs, superstitions, hopes, and fears, far exceeds those which express only partial or national views of the same common characteristics; or in other words, universal or general proverbs are more numerous than national proverbs; they pervade a greater space, they are intelligible to a larger portion of the human race. They are the common property of all who can appropriate and apply them; they are not like the earth, which is divided among the various families of men, but like the waters which encompass it, or like the atmosphere which surrounds both, or like the sun and the heavenly bodies which give light to all who have the capability of seeing them.

As the number of these universal proverbs, or proverbial sayings, is so great, probably as large as the number of words in any of the most copious known languages, we shall only notice a few, rather for the sake of showing what is the character of a general proverb, than with the view of making a collection of such; rather to show the different modes which different nations have of expressing the same general truths, opinions, feelings, and prejudices. Although in form they differ, being modified by the temporary and local circumstances under which they have originated, they still express the same general truth, or what is believed so to be; their sense and application is universal, whatever form they may assume.

Disraeli, in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' informs us that our common proverb, 'To carry coals to Newcastle,' is a general, and not a national proverb. It is indeed equivalent to *Wasser in Rhein tragen*, or 'To carry water to the Thames,'—*Holz in Wald tragen*, *Ligna in sylvam ferre*. 'To carry coals to Newcastle,' or to any other town, would be unintelligible in Germany or France either. *Porter de feuilles au bois*, 'To carry leaves to the wood,' is understood in France. *Llevar hierro a Biscaya*, 'To carry iron to Biscay,' is intelligible in Spain. *Soli lumen mutuari*, 'To hold up a candle to the sun,' in this single proverb, modified by local circumstances, we recognise the same general truth under all these various forms; only a few of the forms could be generally understood. The expressions, 'Coals to Newcastle,' 'Water to the Rhine,' 'Iron to Biscay,' are intelligible only in England, Germany, and Spain. One of the other forms is intelligible where there are leaves and wood; it is nearly universal in its form. 'To hold a candle to the sun,' is universally intelligible. 'Draff (grains) is good enough for swine,' expresses precisely what the cock in the fable said, when scratching on the dunghill he scratched up a peat, viz., 'I would not give a grain of barley for all the pearls in the world.' The form of the proverb is not sufficiently general to be intelligible, especially where there are neither swine nor draff. The former are indeed pretty general; like man, they are cosmopolitan in their nature and habits; but draff only is where people brew beer, and the manufacture of this beverage is mostly confined to the north of Europe. The Latins say 'The ass would rather have thistles than gold.' No doubt he would; and he would consequently be blamed by sage moralists, who say that vulgar and ignorant people, like the cock and the ass, prefer the vile to the precious. But these well-meaning people 'Measure other folks' corn by their bushel;



because they like gold and pearls, those must necessarily be stupid asses that do not like the same. 'Bring the cow into the hall, and she will run to the byre (cow-house),' expresses the same universal truth in a specific, limited form. Both proverbs express the general truth or fact that every creature knows what is best for itself. The cow would not find in the parlour the accommodations suitable to her necessities, hence she runs to the cow-house. The cock that scratched up a pearl would rather have found a few grains of barley. The ass would rather carry a bundle of grass, or even thistles, than a bag of gold. The proverb, 'One man's meat is another man's poison,' expresses the same general truth in another form, viz., that what is good for one is not good for all.

'Adversity makes a man wise, not rich,' is rather a maxim than a proverb; but whatever it may be called it declares a truth, confirmed by the general consent of all men. The French say, 'The wind in the face makes a man wise.' Adversity certainly sharpens the intellect, and generally softens and enlarges the heart; for those who have had to bear a large share of 'the numerous ills that flesh is heir to,' generally sympathise with sufferers. *Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.* The Queen of Carthage, schooled by adversity, felt for the poor tempest-tossed Trojans, received them in a friendly manner, and supplied their wants. We wish that they had not added another example of the ingratitude of mankind. The rich man that never knew the cruel torment of a craving appetite and of an empty pocket, might well say to the poor shivering applicant for something to eat because he was hungry, 'Get along with you, you lucky dog, I would give a hundred pounds for your appetite.' If the change could have been effected, that is, if a good digestion might be bought and sold, it is doubtful whether both would have been permanently and mutually benefited. But there is no doubt of this one thing—that if a hungry man gets a meal from a rich man, the former is better and the latter is no worse; and the latter is the more likely to pity his unfortunate brother if he has ever had to suffer the same distress himself. 'It's one beggar's woe to see another by the door go,' is a proverb applied by Hesiod, one of the earliest of the Grecian poets, *καὶ πτωχὸς πτωχὸν ὀφθαίνει*, and by the Latins, *Etiam mendicis mendico invidet*. 'One beggar is aye woe that another by the gate go,' expresses the sense of the Latin adage, *Figulus figulo invidet*, 'One potter hates another.' The English say, 'Two of a trade will never agree.' This general sentiment expressed in general terms is universally prevalent. It is only a variety of 'Charity begins at home,' 'Near is my sark (shirt), but closer is my skin,' a feeling that has found a tongue among all nations and in all ages. It is a general and necessary, though not one of the most amiable, features which is strongly impressed on humanity. It is even more comprehensive than humanity, for it also includes the whole brute creation.

It is a natural feeling, imbibed, as the Germans say, with 'the mother's milk,' and when unaccompanied with the counteracting, or rather controlling and regulating natural principles, founded on relationships, as dependents, friends, countrymen, &c., or, in other terms, of home and country, it degenerates into selfishness. The strong desire of self-preservation, combined with foresight, constitutes prudence, and prudence combined with discretion is knowledge of the most useful kind. Knowledge and manliness constitute wisdom. The Scots say 'A cock's crouse (bold) on his own midden (dung-hill);' also, 'The man who has the cow in the mire puts his foot farthest in,' and the English 'The man who owns the cow goes nearest her tail.' 'The giving every man a stake in the hedge, is the surest mode of preserving the fence.' The Roman empire never would have been subverted if every man had an interest in its permanence.

But, as the Spaniards say, 'Where can the ox go, where he must not plough?' The prevailing feeling among those who have nothing to lose by a revolution is, that whoever is ruler the people must be subject. Or, according to the proverb,

'If the devil were bishop, laird, or king, certain persons would be clerk, tenant, or subject.' This is a dangerous condition, and it is to be counteracted by prudential considerations, which are supplied in such endless forms by proverbs. According to the current literature of the day, the newspapers, several great mercantile houses, or firms, have given their upper, or senior clerks, their respective stakes in the hedges, no doubt to the mutual advantage of both parties. People, especially masters and servants, employers and employed, do frequently quarrel because their interests are different; few people, however, 'Quarrel with their bread and butter,' and most people know where and 'When their bread is sufficiently buttered.' At first sight this question of work and wages might, to the unreflecting, appear a question only of personal, or, at most, of local importance. The history of the last six months proves that it is at least a national question, and its effects will ultimately be felt, as far as English influence and commerce extends. 'It is an ill wind that blows good to nobody,' but 'The wind blows round about the naked man.' Both classes are punished, kings and people, masters and servants, but 'The thickest skin holds longest out,' and 'The longest horn goes farthest in,' as the Scots say. The weakest must go to the wall. How the present dispute may terminate no one can tell, but all former disputes of a like nature, and there have been many in our time, have ended with loss on both sides.

One of the most captivating occupations is that of building castles in the air. This is expressed by proverbs which differ much in their form, some modes of expression being better suited to the circumstances of the idle dreamers than others are; but all of them satirize more or less humorously the folly of indulging this habit. Plautus, one of the most ingenious and observant of the ancient Latin poets and comedians, employs the phrases *In are piscari*, 'to fish in the air,' and *Venari in mare*, 'to hunt in the sea,' to express the absurdity of what we express by 'counting chickens ere they are hatched,' or by Mrs. Glasse's famous recipe for cooking a hare—viz., 'You must first catch your hare.' In imagination, the hare is cooked before we've caught her. The Greeks, whose proverbs are generally more figurative and poetical than those of most other nations, say, 'The goat has not yet yeamed, and the kid is playing on the roof,' *αὐτὸ οὐτὼ τρέκεν, ἐπὶ δ' ἐπὶ δώματα παίζει*. The Spaniards say, 'The child is not born, and do you hear him sneezing?' This witty proverb is said to have originated in the following story:—A man, whose wife was in that condition wherein ladies are who are expected in due time to increase the family, and to add to the cares and affections of the parents, once met a friend and told him, that in his family an auspicious event was daily looked for; that the interesting stranger would be a son; that a feast becoming the occasion would celebrate the event; that he, his friend, should be one of the padrones (god-fathers); that the child's name would be Peter Alphonso, &c.; that he would far surpass all his name-fathers in genius and fortune. In the midst of this interesting history of the future, he suddenly broke out into the exclamation, 'God bless him!' His friend asked what he meant by this. The expectant father said he had just heard the child sneeze, and of course blessed him. The friend merely said, 'The child is not born, and does he sneeze already?' The English, in addition to the above, which appear to be indigenous, say also, in their plain common-sense like way, 'Do not halloo before you're out of the wood.' The Scots have many very expressive and pungent proverbs in ridicule of this foible, but they are of so homely or coarse a character that we forbear quoting them. Very near akin to this failing is the indulgence of unreasonable expectations, the entertainment of groundless hopes.

The Scots, in their usual sarcastic way, say, 'He that lives on hope has a slim diet.' The English say, 'Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper.' In our days Scotland is famous for good

breakfasts, which are supposed to be as superior to the same meals of the elder sisterland, as the dinners of the former are inferior to those of the latter. We think that he who breakfasts on hope will have a good appetite for dinner, because if hope is a bad supper, it cannot be other than a slim breakfast. 'Evening orts are morning provender,' but they who sup can only leave the remains of their supper, and they cannot expect their breakfast to be more substantial than their supper. It is related of the celebrated Lord Bacon, that his lordship, once being in York House Gardens, by the river Thames, offered some fishermen a shilling for their cast. They said they would sell it for two. When the net was drawn ashore there were only a few little fishes in it, and his lordship said that they had better have accepted his offer. They replied that they hoped there would have been a better draught. Lord Bacon said, 'Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper.' The Scotch say, to those who indulge in improbable expectations, 'I wish you reader meat than running hares.' These forms wherein diet—breakfast, supper, dinner—occur, are purely British, and evince that these terms are the representatives of the most important and interesting of our daily concerns. In our climate, which is proverbially changeable, the providing of food engrosses much of our time; almost the whole of the labouring man's energies are concentrated on this one object—viz., food or provision for himself and family. In the more genial climates of Spain, Italy, and Greece, the atmospheric influences are more favourable to production, and hence the attention of man is not so entirely engrossed by his daily sustenance as it is in the north of Europe generally, and in the British isles in particular. 'He who follows two hares catches neither,' is scarcely an English proverb. Those who hunt are above the necessity of labour. The proverb points to a time when men subsisted by the chase, or to a time when those who were not obliged to labour had either the means or the time to pursue this amusement. The proverb is Greek, and is meant to teach us not to entertain the vain hope of obtaining one object if our efforts are directed to two, as the sportsman's dog said to his master, 'If you had not aimed at the partridge you would not have missed the snipe.'

'Well begun, half done,' is truly English in its form, but the proverb, or proverbial phrase, is as old as Hesiod at least, *Ἀρχὴ ἡμισυ παντός*—'The beginning is the half of the whole.' Horace, with much elegance, says, *Dimidium facti, qui bene cepit, habet*. Neither of these is more pithily or characteristically expressed than in our own plain English, 'Well begun, &c.' 'A begun turn is half ended,' say the Scotch, who do not lay so much stress on the verb *do* as the Southern. The witty Lucian uses a proverb analogous to our common one, 'To set the cart before the horse.' His literally means 'The cart draws the ox.' It is an example of the Greek figure, *ὀρθρον προτροπον*, of which the following is an example:—A monk of more piety than common sense thanked God for having created great rivers to flow by great cities, as by their means all commodities were easily conveyed to the places where they were most wanted. 'Come not to council before you are called,' is the advice of Cato, one of the wisest of the Romans. This proverb or saying is more characteristic of Rome and Roman policy than it is of Britain; but it is a good proverb, and may often be well applied. 'To carry water to the Thames,' is English only in form; we have it both in Greek and Latin, somewhat differently expressed, but essentially the same, viz., 'To dig a well beside the river,'—not a useless work, most of the indwellers of the valley of the Thames would say, as the river is now the general sewer of the most populous city in the world; it now carries off the filth (or conveys it up and down) of above three millions of inhabitants, the greatest part of whom have to use up this very water so contaminated. Plautus makes use of our very Scottish proverb, 'To tak breikes aff a Hielanman,'—*Nudo vestimenta detrakere*. We may say, with some confidence, that Plautus never saw

the distich of the old Scottish song, in which the Highlands are described as follows:—

"There's naught in the Hielans but bannocks and leeks,  
And bare-legged callants awaiting their breks."

It would be as absurd to conjecture that the ancient Gael had read Plautus. The lowland Scot was the inventor of the proverb, not the breechless Gael. The latter set all men at defiance, on the principle of *viator vacuus coram latrone cantabit*.—"A beggar does not fear a robber." The Scots by the following, "If mickledom (magnitude) had virtue, a cow might catch a hare," imply that quality is often more available than quantity. Plutarch has a similar proverb to express an absurd action—viz., "To hunt a hare with an ox." The absurdity of attempting to accomplish an end with unsuitable or preposterous means, is equally ridiculed both by the Greek and the Scot. The English proverbs are not often so figurative as those of the last mentioned nations, though equally shrewd and appropriate. For example, we say, "To make a mountain of a molehill," when we mean to imply that an accusation or a charge is grossly exaggerated; the facetious Lucian says, "To make an elephant of a fly." "You have hit the nail on the head," the Englishman says; the Latin comedian says, more elegantly, *Rem acu tetigit*, which may be paraphrastically rendered, "You have handled the matter with the greatest nicety," or "You have hit it exactly." "To blow one's trumpet," is a verbal translation of the Greek proverb; but we have other forms by which the same rebuke is administered—viz., "Your trumpeter is dead," or "You live among bad neighbours," in either case a man who is desirous of self-praise must praise himself. "Self-praise is no commendation," is a maxim learned from our common school copybooks. The Germans have a good proverb reprobatng self-adulation—viz., "Self-praise stinks, friends' praise limps."

"You speak of chalk, and I of cheese," is as graphically expressed by the classical adage, "I speak of leeks and you of onions." This said to have originated in the following incident.—A husbandman asked his neighbour to lend him a pruning hook, the latter said that he had not such a thing as a spade in his house, hence the proverb. The English form of the proverb is more absurd than that of the Greek, for there is a greater affinity between leeks and onions, than between chalk and cheese. Our form could not have obtained currency in a country where chalk and cheese are not common. The common saying, "To put one's foot into it," is derived probably from another proverb not quite so common—viz., "The goat gives a good milking, but she puts her foot into the pail." It generally implies that something is done or said offensively by some one who has rendered us a service, or who has bestowed something in an ungracious or rude manner. Plutarch gives a proverb which has nearly the same form, but has a different sense—viz., "To put the foot in another's dance," which is translated "To meddle with other people's business." "Scald not your lips with other folks' kail," is purely Scottish in its form, but it is to be found in Homer, who introduces this as the sentiment of one of the Greeks who was of opinion that the parties most interested—viz., Menelaus and Paris, should decide their quarrel by single combat. A sensible opinion. "To cut large thongs from another man's hide" is, in form, a Teutonic proverb, but the substance is to be found in Apuleius. Plautus uses it to imply that it is easy to make experiments at other men's cost.

Our proverb, "A full purse never wants friends," is well expressed by Plautus, *ubi amici ibi opes*. "Where friends, there wealth," is elegant and concise, but scarcely so graphic as our form of the maxim. The Greeks and Latins had as many and as various forms of describing fair-weather friends as we have, and probably some of our terms expressive of such friendship may have been derived from them, "Friends by the ear," "Friends by the palate," "Cupboard love," "Cream-pot affection," &c., were as common expressions among the Greeks and Romans as among ourselves, and describe the

same contempt of empty selfish professions of friendship. But notwithstanding the testimony and universal experience of mankind, the ninnies are as numerous as ever, and parasites live as ever on the credulity of their dupes.

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE Board of Trade has demanded possession of the site behind the University of Edinburgh, recently purchased by Government, for the erection of a Scottish National Museum. The site is now occupied by a chapel, and by the Trades Maiden Hospital, the inmates of which have been removed to the new hospital on the south side of the Meadows. The old hospital, it is stated, will be used meantime for the collection of specimens for an economic museum under the care of Dr. George Wilson. Professor Allman, who is Regius Keeper of the University Museum, is to be formally inducted into the chair of Natural History in October. The Town Council has also announced its intention of filling up the chair of Practice of Medicine in October, Dr. W. P. Alison being now Emeritus Professor. While referring to these academic movements at Edinburgh, we may mention that the civic authorities there are sorely puzzled and greatly divided in opinion as to the formation of a public drive round the fine piece of ground south of the city, known as 'The Meadows.' The Board of Police and the Town Council are nearly equally divided, as to whether the new drive should be inside or outside the present enclosure. We have little doubt which would have been advised by Scott, Jeffrey, Wilson, Cockburn, or any of the other distinguished men associated with our knowledge of Edinburgh in past days, and if the opinion of strangers admiring their beautiful city have any weight, we would advise the authorities not to cut up needlessly a fine piece of ground, when there is ample space for the road in the outer circle, with its rows of old trees, now forming a splendid boulevard, the centre of which would form a better carriage drive than the proposed inner circle.

The Archaeological and Natural History Society of Wiltshire hold their Annual Meeting on Sept. 11th, 12th, and 13th, under the presidency of Mr. George Paulett Scrope, M.P., at Chippenham, and anticipate great delight on the second day of assembling in responding to an invitation from their patron, the Marquis of Lansdowne, to visit Bowood. The following is the general programme of proceedings:—*Tuesday, September 11th.*—The General Meeting at the Hall, at half-past twelve o'clock, for receiving the Report, and transacting the business of the Society. Papers on subjects of interest in the county will be read. The members and subscribers will dine together at the Angel Inn, at four o'clock. H. A. Merewether, Esq., Q.C., in the chair. Tickets 5s. each, exclusive of wine. The attendance of the ladies is particularly wished at the Anniversary Dinner. In the evening there will be a meeting at the Hall, at eight o'clock, when addresses will be delivered, and the objects deposited in the temporary Museum exhibited and explained.—*Wednesday, September 12th.*—Excursion A., 10 A.M.—To Lacock Abbey, Village, and Church—by Beaulieu Lodge, and Spy Park to Bromham Church and Beauchamp Chapel. Returning by Wans to Bowood, where the members and subscribers will be received by the noble patron.—Excursion B., 10 A.M.—To Lacock Abbey—thence to Corsham, visiting, by the kind permission of Lord Methuen, the Court and its Gallery of Pictures.—Thence to Castlecombe, visiting the Church and Manor House, (where the president has kindly invited the members to a collation,)—the site of the ancient Castle.—Cromlech,—and Foss road. Returning through Grittleton and Sevington to Leighdelamere Church—and thence to Hubbs's Lowe, a Cairn on Lanhill Farm, which, by the kind permission of Mr. Neeld, and the tenant, Mr. Little, is proposed to open.—Excursion C.—To Bradford, visiting Chalfield House—South Wraxhall House—Kings-

ton House, and other objects of interest in the Town. The Rev. J. Wilkinson, of Broughton, has kindly offered luncheon. The Mayor of Chippenham has invited the members and subscribers to a *conversazione* at the Hall, at seven o'clock in the evening.—*Thursday, September 13th.*—Excursion D., 9.30 A.M.—To Malmesbury Abbey, returning through Roudbourne to Draycot Park.—Excursion E.—To Bradenstoke Abbey, returning by Sutton Church, and Draycot Church to Draycot Park, where Lord Wellesley kindly entertains the Members at a *déjeuner*, at two o'clock. By permission of Mr. Neeld, a Temporary Museum will be formed in the Hall. The loan of articles illustrative of the Archaeological and Natural History of the County is particularly requested. These may be sent to the Hall on and after the 3rd of September, addressed to the honorary secretary, who will be responsible for their return immediately after the meeting, carriage paid. Ladies and gentlemen, not being members of the Society, wishing to be present at the meetings, and to join in the excursions, will be admitted as subscribers,—Gentlemen, 10s.; Ladies, 5s. each. Members' Tickets, 2s. 6d. each, to be had at Messrs. Noyes's Library.

Some further excavations were made on Tuesday at Chessel Down, Isle of Wight, by Mr. Hillier, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of company who had met to take part in a complimentary entertainment to their native islander, the distinguished antiquarian, Mr. C. Roach Smith. The company were much interested on seeing grave after grave laid open, to witness the gradual removal of the chalky soil, and the extended skeletons—some with weapons, others with personal ornaments, the former oxidizing and perishing, the latter almost as perfect as when buried 1300 or 1400 years since. Upon the finger of one lady was a spiral elastic silver ring, and her girdle was ornamented with a small silver cross, then the emblem of a new faith. When the day's excavations had terminated, Mr. Wright made some remarks on the remains collected previously, and on those exhumed recently, to the company assembled, and Mr. C. Roach Smith and others took part in a discussion. The company, numbering about a hundred, were then hospitably entertained at lunch, by the Hon. A. Court Holmes.

The celebrated Abd-el Kader, who is a member of the Asiatic Society of Paris, has recently forwarded to the Society, as a mark of respect, the manuscript of an original work, consisting of religious and moral disquisitions, written by him. The manuscript has just been presented by the Society to the Bibliothèque Impériale, and it will no doubt be esteemed, in the course of a few centuries, as one of the most valuable of its treasures. As a specimen of the spirit in which it is written, we may mention that in the first chapter, which treats of the advantages of science, the author complains that the learned men of Europe, and particularly of France, who have carried human knowledge to a vast height, and are constantly carrying it higher, never think of raising their hearts and minds towards God, who governs the world with supreme wisdom. "Never," says he, "do they mention Him in their conversations, and never is there any question of Him in their writings."

Mr. Gordon Cumming, the Lion Hunter, has introduced, in the room facing the top of the Haymarket, formerly known as the *Salle Robin*, an admirable Lecture, with dioramic illustrations, in the style of Albert Smith's 'Ascent of Mont Blanc,' of his very remarkable hunting experiences in South Africa. The saloon is decorated with his extraordinary collection of skulls, skins, tusks, horns, antlers, &c.; and the illustrations, which are no less than twenty-seven in number, represent some of those stirring scenes in the life of the hunter with which the public are partially acquainted from his book published a year or two since by Mr. Murray. The Lecture is divided into three parts: I. The Hunter's Start—the Sports of the Plains; II. Hill Game, the Leopard and the Lion; III. The Colossal Game of South Africa, the



Rhinoceros, Giraffe, Hippopotamus, and Elephant; and the illustrations, which are painted with singular fidelity and spirit, are as follows—1. The Boar at Bay, Carpathian Mountains; 2. Stag coursed by Wolves, Carpathian Mountains; 3. Robbing the Eyrie, north-west coast of Scotland; 4. Cape Town and Table Bay; 5. African Waggon on the March; 6. Stampede of Prairie-Game; 7. Riding down the Oryx; 8. Crossing the Orange River; 9. Hill Game, Sable, Roan, and Koodoo Antelope; 10. Nocturnal Encounter with Wild Dogs; 11. A Tussle for Life with a Leopard; 12. The Lioness of Colesberg; 13. The Man-eater; 14. A Shot in time; 15. Bowled over; 16. The Lion's Rendezvous; 17. The Man-eater on his Prey; 18. The March of Civilisation at Bakata; 19. The Charge of the Black Rhinoceros; 20. Riding out the Best Ivory; 21. Terrific Charge of a Wounded Elephant; 22. Natives Polishing off a Dead Elephant; 23. Elephants at the Pool (Moonlight); 24. The Hunter's Return to Camp; 25. A Waltz with an Hippopotamus; 26. Drawing a Rock-Snake; 27. Back in the Settlement (Market-place at Colesberg). The Lecture is delivered by the Lion Hunter himself, with a great deal of naturalness, and in a nice gentlemanly spirit, entirely free from any attempt at artificial effect, and particularly hearty and genuine in address. The descriptive passages are never tedious, and even these are interspersed with occasional touches of humour, of which some may be a little extravagant, but they were thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. The jungle, for example, is likened to a huge field of fish-hooks relieved by an occasional patch of pen-knives, through which the hunter is obliged deliberately to axe his way; and "to form an idea of the toughness of my elephant-diet," said Mr. Cumming, "just multiply the toughness of the toughest beefsteak you ever tasted by five hundred, and subtract the gravy." The exhibition of each diorama picture is accompanied with appropriate music; and we may certainly recommend the whole entertainment as one of the most interesting and most remarkable on record.

The inauguration of the Peel statue at Birmingham took place, with great ceremony, last Monday, the completion of the work having been hastened in anticipation of the Musical Festival, by which so many strangers are attracted to the town. The speech of the occasion was made by the Hon. and Rev. G. M. Yorke, who formally gave the possession and custody of the statue to the corporation of the town on the part of the subscribers. A suitable reply was made by Mr. Palmer, the Mayor. The statue is one of which, as a work of art, the people of Birmingham may well be proud, being by their townsman, Mr. Peter Hollins, a rising sculptor, and the bronze casting, the largest yet attempted in this country, having been done at the establishment of Messrs. Elkington and Mason.

M. Dumas has taken the trouble to contradict a silly paragraph, which has been going the round of the papers, from the *Independence Belge*, to the effect that a wealthy old man had bequeathed to him a legacy of 300,000 francs, being half of his fortune, in acknowledgment of the pleasure received from the perusal of some of his writings during the octogenarian's last illness. It is humorously, and perhaps truly, stated by M. Dumas, that the only reality in the whole affair is, that his creditors, on the strength of this announced legacy, have put in claims against him to the amount of 163,000 francs.

The Rev. Mr. Wright, Principal Chaplain to the Forces in the Crimea, writes for a supply of books for the coming winter. With books of devotion and of instruction the army is furnished by the authorities, and by public societies, but for the health and amusement of the soldiers a supply of light literature is desirable, and we trust that the Chaplain's appeal may be promptly and liberally responded to. Packages will be forwarded by Messrs. Howell and Hayter, if addressed to the Chaplain-General of the Forces in the Crimea.

An association of graduates of the University of Edinburgh has been formed with the view of ob-

taining the following objects:—1. Some recognized connexion of the graduates with the university; 2. The promotion of a higher education in the university; 3. The recognition in England of the Edinburgh degree of M.D.; and 4. The representation of the university in Parliament. The association is composed of Graduates in Arts, Medicine, Law, and Theology. The objects of the association are good, and seem to have the sanction of some of the academic authorities, as Professor Ayton is the president.

The 'John o' Groat's Journal' announces that Sir Roderick Murchison and Professor Nicol of Marischal College, Aberdeen, are busy geologizing in Sutherland and Caithness, preparatory to their attending the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow.

The Scotch papers announce that the great Water Lily, Victoria Regia, is at this moment in flower in the Botanic Garden at Glasgow, being the first occasion on which it has flowered in any of the public establishments of North Britain. In England it has flowered freely for some time past in several conservatories. Two plants of it are now in flower at the Crystal Palace.

A valuable series of photographs has been presented to the Crystal Palace Company by Mr. Mayall, the photographic artist of Regent-street. They consist of portraits of the leading men of the war, Her Majesty's Ministers, and copies of some photographs of wounded officers taken by Mr. Mayall for Her Majesty's portfolio.

The death is announced last week of Mr. J. Carter, an engraver of much promise. He engraved Ward's picture of *The Scene in Change-alley during the agitation of the South Sea Bubble*.

Professor Petrina, of the University of Prague, favourably known for discoveries in magnetism, electricity, and for writings on scientific subjects, has just died.

A large statue of Krylow, the well-known fable writer of Russia, who died in 1844, has just been erected at St. Petersburg.

Admiral Dupetit-Thouars has been elected a free member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, in the room of the late M. Duvernoy.

The Birmingham Musical Festival of 1855 will hold a high place in the history of these triennial meetings. On Tuesday the proceedings commenced with the performance of *Elijah*, which Mendelssohn composed for the festival of 1846. On Wednesday the great event of the week took place, in the production of Mr. Costa's new oratorio, *Eli*. A detailed account of this work we reserve till it can be heard apart from the excitement of its first public performance. The enthusiasm with which it was received was unprecedented, but it must be on other occasions that we can distinguish how much of this applause is due to the work, and how much to the personal estimation in which the author is held. There are some grand passages in the work, and the music is throughout sustained with high spirit and elaborate art. Among the most striking separate pieces, in very various styles, may be named the 'Philistine's Battle Song' (Mr. Sims Reeves), 'The War March of the Israelites,' 'The Chorus of Revellers in the Temple,' 'Samuel's Morning Hymn' (Madame Viardot), 'The Song of Hannah,' and the closing choruses of both parts of the oratorio. Herr Formes gave the lofty recitatives of the prophet with grand effect, and justice was done to every part of the work. We may add that the poem, by Mr. Bartholomew, founded on the first four chapters of Samuel, is arranged with dramatic spirit and literary taste. The performance of Handel's *Messiah* was given on Thursday morning. The evenings were as usual devoted to secular concerts, the music being of the miscellaneous kind familiar on similar occasions in the London season. The place of Madame Bosio was taken by Madame Castellan, but otherwise the printed announcements were closely adhered to. Madame Grisi, Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Dolby, and Mario, Cardoni, Lablache, Reichardt, and Weiss, were the chief vocalists besides those already named. The band and chorus were in greatest efficiency, the former mustering nearly a hun-

dred and fifty, and the latter containing three hundred and twenty-five picked voices. Yesterday the morning performances were to consist of Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Mozart's *Requiem*, and a selection from Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. The festival was to be concluded with a dress ball in the Town Hall last evening. The financial results of the meeting are not yet known, but if there is any deficiency in the receipts as compared with former occasions, it is in the department of donations, the sale of tickets and the attendance having been larger than at the last festival.

At the Royal Italian Opera there have been performances this week of *Il Trovatore*, *Don Giovanni*, and portions of other operas. Marai, Tamberlik, and others of the company of last season, sustained the principal parts. Madame Gassier and M. Gassier appeared one evening in the *Barber of Seville*, the best *Rosina* and *Figaro* of the present day. The admission being at reduced prices, the house has been well filled.

At Drury Lane the entertainments have this week been more of a dramatic kind, Mr. James Anderson, the tragedian, having been performing in *Rob Roy*, with Mr. Barrett as *Baillie Nicol Jarvie*, Mr. Halford as *Dougal*, and Mrs. J. Wallack as *Helen Macgregor*. With such a cast, the acting is most spirited, and Sir Henry Bishop's music is given with excellent effect by the band, under the conduct of Mr. Tully, and the choruses are also good; but the tenor solos require a better voice. On Thursday evening, Auber's *Masaniello* was given; Mr. Elliott Galer, *Masaniello*; Mr. Farquharson, *Pietro*; Miss Lanza, *Elvira*; and Mlle. Julie, *Finella*. The spectacle and ballet were well got up, and the music was excellent.

At the Opéra Comique at Paris, new works, called *Deucalion et Pyrrha*, by Montfort; the *Hussard de Bernichy*, by Adolphe Adam; the *Saisons*, by Massé; *Amour et Psyché*, by Ambrose Thomas; and a new opera by Auber, are to be produced in the course of the ensuing winter.

Mayerbeer's opera, *Robert le Diable*, was performed in Paris a few nights ago for the 366th time, and it produced not less than 432l. His *Prophète*, represented two nights after, obtained a receipt of 447l., and his *Etoile du Nord*, played for the 135th time, 252l.

At the Adelphi, *Victorine*, formerly so popular in the palmy days of this house, has been successfully revived; and in the hands of Mrs. Leigh Murray as the heroine, with Murray, Wright, Bedford, Selby, and others of the present efficient company, the piece will not suffer, even with those who remember the effects of its first production. There is also a new farce, in which Mr. Wright plays the chief part.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—June 1st.—The Duke of Northumberland, K.G., F.R.S., President, in the chair. Professor Tyndall, F.R.S., 'On the Currents of the Leyden Battery.' In our conceptions and reasonings regarding the forces of nature we perpetually make use of symbols, which, when they possess a high representative value, we dignify with the name of theories. We observe, for example, heat propagating itself through a bar of metal, and help ourselves to a conception of the process by comparing it with water percolating through sand, or travelling by capillary attraction through a lump of sugar. In some such way we arrive at what is called the material theory of heat. The thing seen is thus applied to the interpretation of the thing unseen, and the longing of the human mind to rest upon a satisfactory reason, is in some measure satisfied. So also as regards the subject of the present evening's discourse; we are not content with the mere facts of electricity; we wish to look behind the fact, and prompted by certain analogies, we ascribe electrical phenomena to the action of a peculiar fluid. Such conceptions have their advantages and their disadvantages: they afford peaceful lodging to the intellect for a time, but they also circumscribe it; and by and by, when the mind has grown too large for its mansion, it

often finds a difficulty in breaking down the walls of what has become its prison instead of its home. Thus, at the present day, the man who would cross the bounds which at present limit our knowledge of electricity and magnetism finds it a work of extreme difficulty to regard facts in their simplicity, or to rid them of those hypothetical adornments with which common consent has long invested them. But though such is the experience of the earnest student of natural philosophy at the present—though he may be compelled to refuse his assent to the prevalent theoretic notions, he may nevertheless advantageously make use of the language of these theories in bringing the facts of a science before a public audience; and in speaking of electricity, the speaker availed himself of the convenient hypothesis of two fluids, without at all professing a belief in their existence. A Leyden jar was charged. The interior of the jar might be figured as covered with a layer of positive electricity, and the exterior by a layer of negative electricity; which two electricities, notwithstanding their mutual attraction, were prevented from rushing together by the glass between them. When the exterior and interior coating are united by a conducting body, the fluids move through the conductor and unite, thus producing what is called an electric current. The mysterious agent which we darkly recognise under this symbol is capable of producing wonderful effects; but one of its most miraculous characteristics is its power of arousing a transitory current in a conductor placed near it. The phenomena of voltaic induction are well known, and it is interesting to enquire whether frictional electricity produces analogous phenomena. This question has been examined by Dr. Henry, and still more recently by that able and experienced electrician, M. Riess, of Berlin. The researches of these gentlemen constituted the subject of the evening's discourse. A wooden cylinder was taken, round which two copper wires, each seventy-five feet in length, were wound; both wires being placed upon a surface of gutta-percha, and kept perfectly insulated from each other. The ends of one of these wires were connected with a universal discharger, whose knobs were placed within a quarter of an inch of each other; when the current of a Leyden battery was sent through the other wire, a secondary current was aroused in that connected with the discharger, which announced itself by a brilliant spark across the space separating the two knobs. The wires here used were covered externally with a sheet of gutta-percha; and lest it should be supposed that a portion of the electricity of the battery had sprung from one wire to the other, two flat disks were taken. Each disk contained seventy-five feet of copper wire, wound in the form of a flat spiral, the successive convolutions of which were about two lines apart. One disk was placed upon the other one, the wire being so coiled that the convolutions of each disk constituted, so to say, the impress of those of the other, and the coils were separated from each other by a plate of varnished glass. The ends of one spiral were connected with the universal discharger, between whose knobs a thin platinum wire, ten inches long, was stretched. When the current of the Leyden battery was sent through the other spiral, the secondary current, evoked in the former, passed through the thin wire, and burnt it up with brilliant deflagration. A pair of spirals were next placed six inches apart, and a battery was discharged through one of them; the current aroused in the other was sufficient to deflagrate a thin platinum wire four inches in length. We have every reason to suppose that the secondary current thus developed is of the same nature as the primary which produced it; and hence we may infer, that if we conduct the secondary away and carry it through a second spiral, it, in its turn, will act the part of a primary, and evoke a tertiary current in a spiral brought near it. This was illustrated by experiment. First, two spirals were placed opposite to each other, through one of which the current of the battery was to be sent; the other was that in which the secondary current was to be aroused.

The ends of the latter were connected by wires with a third spiral placed at a distance, so that when the secondary current was excited it passes through the third spiral. Underneath the latter, and separated from it by a sheet of varnished glass, was a fourth spiral, whose two ends were connected with the universal discharger, between the knobs of which a quantity of gun-cotton was placed. When the battery was discharged through the first spiral, a secondary current was aroused in the second spiral, which completed its circuit by passing through the third spiral: here the secondary acted upon the spiral underneath, developed a tertiary current which was sufficiently strong to pass between the knobs, and to ignite the gun-cotton in its passage. It was shown that we might proceed in this way, and cause the tertiary to excite a current of the fourth order, the latter a current of the fifth order, and so on; these children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren of the primary being capable of producing all the effects of their wonderful progenitor. The phenomena of the *extra current*, which exists for an instant contemporaneously with the ordinary current in a common voltaic spiral, were next exhibited, and the question whether a spiral through which a Leyden battery was discharged exhibited any similar phenomena was submitted to examination. It was proved that the electric discharge depended upon the *shape* of the circuit through which it passed: when two portions of such a circuit are brought near each other, so that the positive electricity passes in the same direction through both of them, the effect is that the discharge is *weaker* than if sent through a straight wire: if, on the contrary, the current flow through both portions in opposite directions the discharge is *stronger* than if it had passed through a straight wire. A flat spiral was taken, containing seventy-five feet of copper wire; one end of the spiral was connected with a knob of the universal discharger, and the other knob was connected with the earth; between the knobs of the discharger, about four inches of platinum wire were stretched; on connecting the other end of the spiral with the battery a discharge passed through it of such a strength that it was quite unable to raise the platinum wire to the faintest glow. The same length of copper wire was then bent to and fro in a zigzag manner, so that on every two adjacent legs of the zigzag the current from the battery flowed in opposite directions. When these seventy-five feet of wire were interposed between the battery and the platinum wire, a discharge precisely equal to that used in the former instance, raised the platinum wire to a high state of incandescence, and indeed could be made to destroy it altogether. When a primary and a secondary spiral are placed opposite to each other, a peculiar reaction of the secondary upon the primary is observed. If the ends of a secondary (50 feet long) be connected by a thick wire, the effect upon the primary current is the same as when the ends of the secondary remain wholly unconnected. If the ends of the secondary be joined by a long thin platinum wire, the reaction of the secondary is such as to enfeeble the primary. This enfeeblement increases up to a certain limit as the resistance is increased, from which forwards it diminishes until it becomes insensible. This would appear to prove that to react upon the primary the secondary requires to be retarded; and that the greater the amount of the retardation, up to a certain limit, the greater is the enfeeblement. But by increasing the resistance we diminish the strength of the secondary, and when a certain limit is attained, this diminution is first compensated for by the influence of retardation, from which point forwards with every increase of the resistance, the enfeeblement of the primary is diminished. A primary current which fuses a certain length of platinum wire where the ends of the secondary are disunited, or where they are united by a thick wire, fails to do so when they are united with a thin wire. But if, instead of a thin wire, a body of much greater resistance, a column of water for example, be introduced, the platinum wire is fused as before.

## VARIETIES.

*The late Mr. Colburn.*—Henry Colburn was a first-class tradesman among gentlemen, and a first-class gentleman in the trade. Nearly all the eminent authors of modern times, especially in light literature, have been introduced to the public by him, and not one had ever to complain of the treatment experienced at his hands, while he had but too much reason to complain of scores of them, though he never did so. Colburn was not the class of bookseller who quaffed his wine out of the skulls of authors—not of those for hanging one of whom Campbell, the poet, said that Bonaparte deserved the eternal gratitude of mankind. Odd enough, though perhaps not so odd after all, his liberality was lucrative in the long run; for despite some tremendous losses, and a run of ill-luck in respect to a luckless partnership, he was always affluent, and died wealthy. Bulwer, Disraeli, Hook, Marryat, Banim, and dozens of others, dating as far back as the girlhood of the great-grandmother of them all, Lady Morgan, who mourns him much, became known to fame through Colburn; and though in his own affairs he was often the original of Poole's [*Paul Pry*] inimitable *Sir Harry Scurry*, he was a model of method and monetary promptitude where their interests were concerned. Not in pecuniary matters only, but in everything he had anything to do with, he was the soul of honour; and of the many secrets confided to his keeping not one was ever known to be in the smallest degree betrayed even through indiscretion, though many was the plot laid to trap his impulsive and unsuspicious nature into some sort of communicativeness on the interdicted theme.—*Morning Advertiser*.

*The Site of Ancient London.*—When Sir Christopher Wren began to build the new St. Paul's, in digging for a foundation, he came to a layer of Saxon graves lined with chalk, some in stone coffins; and at some distance below, the bodies of the British, only lapped in woollen shrouds, fastened with pins of hard wood, most probably box-wood. In the same row, yet deeper (this was eighteen feet and more) were the ashes of the Romans, in urns—Britons and Romans together—the conquerors and the conquered, both vanquished. Lower than those graves stood the foundation of old St. Paul's, resting on very close pot-earth; and still lower, nothing but dry sand sometimes mixed unequally, but mostly so loose that it would pass through the fingers; then water and sand mixed with periwinkles and other sea-shells,—this was about the level of low-water mark. The gradual rise of the site of London by the formation of shoals, &c., will be readily understood by the above account. It grew by natural causes, and at the time of the arrival of the Romans, was probably a rude British stronghold defended by earthworks, and backed by thick woods towards the north, and surrounded on other sides by an immense extent of water, amid which the present course of the Thames could scarcely be defined.—*The Builder*.

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**GLASGOW MEETING of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE**, commencing on WEDNESDAY, 12th September, 1856.

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His Grace the DUKE OF ARGYLE, F.R.S.

*Vice-Presidents.*

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#### Admission to Meetings.

Gentlemen desirous of attending the Meeting may make their choice of being proposed as *Life Members*, paying Ten Pounds as a Composition, or *Annual Subscribers*, paying One Pound annually and an *Admission Fee* of One Pound (making together Two Pounds on admission), or *Associates for the Meeting*, paying One Pound.  
Ladies may obtain Tickets through the application of a Member in the Reception Room—price One Pound each Ticket.

Without a proper Ticket for the year, as defined above, no person is admitted to any of the Meetings, Excursions, &c. No other Ticket is required, except for Excursions and the Dinner.

#### Reception Room.

The Trades' Hall will be opened on or about Wednesday, the 5th of September, for the Reception of Members, for the distribution of Tickets and Programmes, for the Sale of Reports to Members, and for giving information in regard to Lodgings and other arrangements, and the arrival and location of Members.

#### Interim Programme of the Proceedings of the Meeting.

The General Committee will hold its first meeting on Wednesday, 12th September, at One o'clock p.m., in the Merchants' Hall, Hutcheson Street.

The first General Meeting will be held on Wednesday, the 12th of September, at Eight p.m., in the City Hall, when his Grace the Duke of Argyll will be installed as President, and deliver an Address.

The Sections will meet for the reading of Papers, &c., on Thursday morning, the 13th September, at Eleven o'clock a.m., in the University, and afterwards at the same hour daily during the week of the Meeting. The Sections are as follows:—

- Section A. Mathematics and Physics.
- " B. Chemistry and Mineralogy, including their application to Agriculture and the Arts.
- " C. Geology.
- " D. Zoology and Botany, including Physiology.
- " E. Geography and Ethnology.
- " F. Statistics.
- " G. Mechanical Science.

The proceedings at the other Evening Meetings cannot yet be announced; it is expected, however, that two of the evenings will be occupied by discourses on subjects of great interest, one or two by Conversazioni, and one by the Dinner of the Association, with the President in the chair.

#### Excursions, Exhibitions, &c.

An Excursion is intended to be made in the steamer *Jona*, to Arran, on Thursday, the 20th September, besides which one or two others are under consideration. A Museum of Local Geology, a Collection of the Products of the Chemical Manufactures of Glasgow, and a Photographic Exhibition will be open to Members.

Numerous Manufactories and Public Works will also, under certain regulations, be open to Members.

Applications for Tickets may be made in the meantime in writing to

JOHN STRANG,  
THOMAS ANDERSON, } *Local*  
WILLIAM GOURLIE, } *Secretaries.*

Glasgow, 9th August, 1856.

**BRITISH ASSOCIATION.**—It is requested that all Notices of Scientific Communications to the Glasgow Meeting may be forwarded on or before 5th September, in letters addressed to the Assistant-General Secretary of the Association, Glasgow; or to

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